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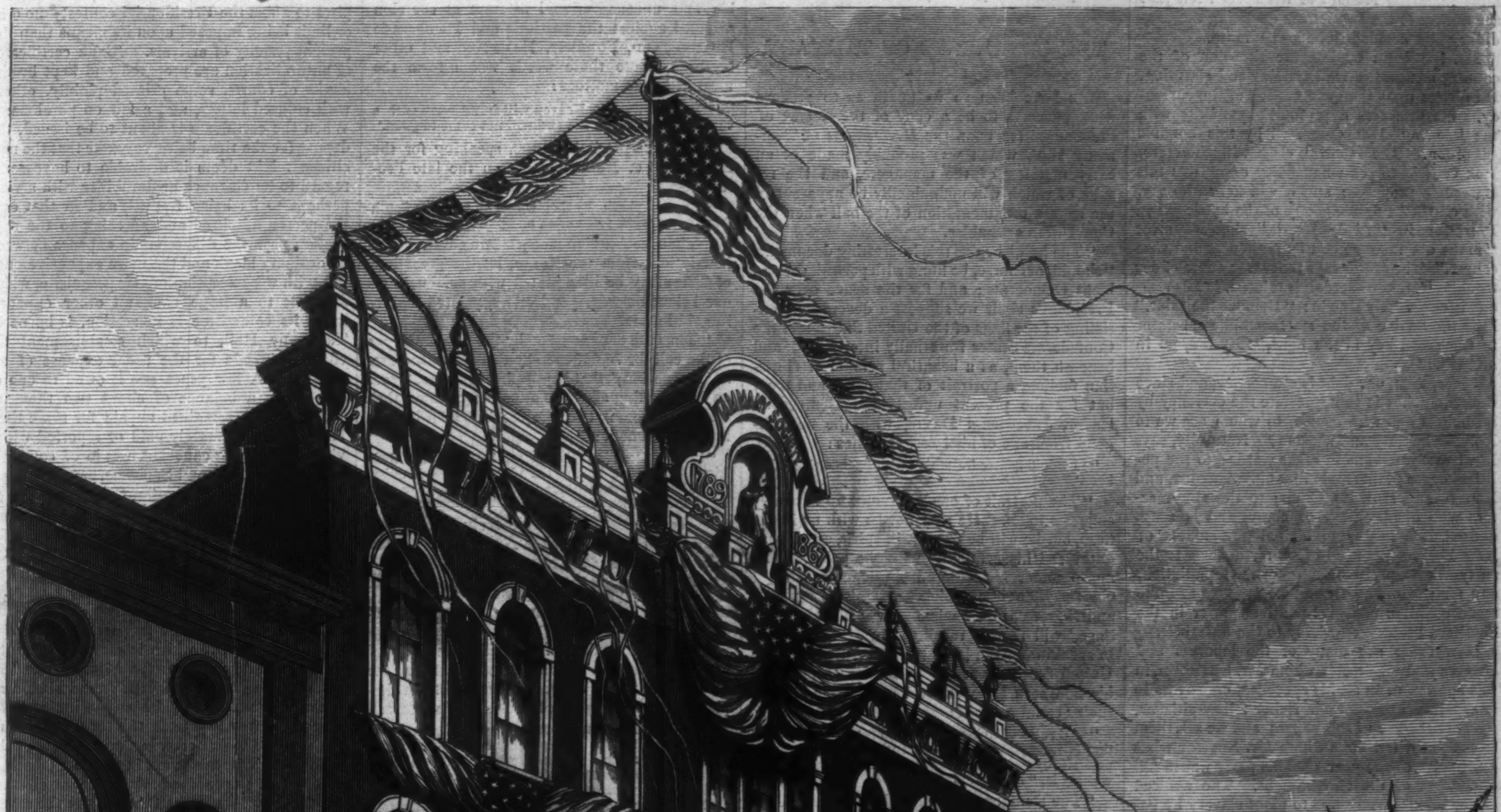


NEW TAMMANY HALL, EAST FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 438.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

☞ *We are happy to announce that we shall shortly begin in* HARPER'S BAZAR *the publication of* "THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD," *a new Love Story, richly Illustrated, by the Author of* "Mabel's Progress," "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," *etc., which can not fail to interest and delight the reader.*

MR. SEYMOUR AND TAXATION.

MR. SEYMOUR'S late speech in New York was anticipated as a probable manifesto of the Democratic policy in the campaign, and inferentially as a designation of the candidate. It proved to be a complaint of high taxes, without proposing a remedy; a restatement of the old Copperhead theory of reconstruction, and a careful silence as to candidates. Probably most impartial readers of the speech felt that the author of the two letters declining the candidacy had decided to be a candidate.

Mr. SEYMOUR depicts the situation of the country as financially distressing and alarming. He dilates upon the depreciation of the currency. He professes a profound sympathy with the laboring class, oppressed by this horrible condition. The laboring class will, therefore, look eagerly to see what policy of redress this statesman proposes; and it will hear him say, with all the benign sagacity of the bottle-green Patriarch in "Little Dorrit," that we must "make our money good by an honest and wise course." The orator says that "the cause of our troubles is, that our credit is tainted." His remedy is exquisitely simple: "Remove the taint." It is the advice of the statesmanlike spectator to the small boy in the fight, "My lad, go in and win!"

Since, then, our debt is our sorrow, and since the true policy is to appreciate the currency by an honest and wise course, to whom are we to look for honesty and wisdom? Naturally, says Mr. SEYMOUR—but in other words—to the political descendants and allies of SWARTOUT, and FLOYD, and HOWELL COBB; to the ring-masters who display their economy, and honesty, and wisdom in the municipal government of New York. We are to look for honesty to the party whose positive wing favors repudiation, and for wisdom to those who propose to undo reconstruction, and give political power in the Southern States exclusively to the ex-rebels.

Now there are many of the laborers and farmers and mechanics whom Mr. SEYMOUR, in this speech, as in all his speeches, endeavors to exasperate against their richer fellow-citizens, who are readers of this paper; and we ask them to look at a few facts which Mr. SEYMOUR has omitted. In the year 1860 his party was in full possession of the Government. The avowed policy of that party was to plant slavery by national authority in the Western Territories, which would have brought every laborer, farmer, and mechanic of the free States, who went West to settle, in direct rivalry with slaves and slave prices. This atrocious and ruinous policy was repudiated by those laborers, farmers, and mechanics, and Mr. SEYMOUR'S party, which supported it, was thrown from power. Defeated in a fair election, in which they took part, the Southern Democratic leaders rebelled in arms. For four years the tremendous struggle lasted. The expenses were necessarily enormous. The taxation was necessarily great. The Government and the country were to be saved or lost. To prolong the war was vastly to increase that taxation and to pile the burden more heavily upon the laborer, farmer, and mechanic. But nothing could prolong it so much as want of unity and cordial co-operation in the free States.

This unity by every means conceivable, short of open war, was prevented by the Democratic party. HORATIO SEYMOUR palliated and justified the rebellion. He said that he would let the Union go rather than slavery. His attitude and that of his party encouraged and stimulated the rebels, perplexed and thwarted the Government, and incalculably prolonged the war and the necessary taxation. But the courage and the resolution of the laborer, farmer, and mechanic, did not fail. They ended the war triumphantly. The rebellion of the Southern Democratic leaders, with its Northern assistance, was unconditionally suppressed. But the heavy burden of taxation remains, and the party whose policy occasioned the war and prolonged it is responsible for the debt. It is no wonder that with this damning party record the Albany *Argus*, Mr. SEYMOUR'S especial organ, said, upon the day after this last speech, "We demand that over this whole revolutionary past the veil of oblivion shall be cast." This party has not changed, it has not repented; but the offender "demands" that his crime of yesterday be forgotten, that he may commit to-day's crime with more impunity.

Mr. SEYMOUR instructs us to look for honesty and wisdom to escape the pressure of taxation to the party which produced it. Now relief can come in one way only. It can not be reached by any trick or nostrum or theory. The taxes will be lightened when the production of the country is increased, and that production will increase when confidence is restored and not before, for distrust paralyzes industry. But nothing can restore confidence except the conviction that the settlement of our difficulties by reconstruction is permanent; and no settlement can be permanent which is not based upon equal rights. That, however, is a settlement which Mr. SEYMOUR and his party reject. They are, therefore, not only responsible for the debt and for the taxation, but fo its continued pressure. The Republican policy, by bringing in the Southern States upon the only sound principle, has taken the most important step toward that pacification which is the beginning of relief from taxation. To reopen the whole question, to sow still farther dissension, to exasperate fellow-citizens, and consequently to prolong the unsettled c nditon of those States, and to postpone financial relief, this is the policy of HORATIO SEYMOUR and the party which incessantly informs the laborer, farmer, and mechanic that they are frightfully taxed, and that the only true safety for flies is to step into the spider's parlor.

THE ORNAMENTS OF TAMMANY HALL.

WE have been so fortunate as to procure what purports to be a copy of the Report of the Committee upon the Decorations of Tammany Hall, which was probably made at an early meeting of the managers, and the results of which will undoubtedly be apparent in the superb ornamentation of the hall when the Convention assembles.

"The hall," begins this interesting document, "should, of course, be hung with portraits of eminent Democrats; and for the space over the President's chair we suggest a decoration consisting of the flags of the United States and the Confederate States fraternally intertwined, and beneath them, as a beautiful symbol of Christian feeling, a portrait of that tried and true, but for the present unfortunate Democratic leader, JEFFERSON DAVIS, with the neat legend from one of his latest speeches:

"'I would rather fraternize with hyenas than Yankees.'

"The portrait of our BEAUREGARD naturally suggests itself. He may not be with us in the flesh, but he will be present in spirit, and he has expressed his sympathy with the party. The motto under his honored physiognomy should obviously be one which Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM, and their fellow 'Lincoln hirelings,' will readily recall. Our BEAUREGARD, in speaking of the late atrocious attempt of the United States Government to prevent him and his Southern Democratic friends from freeing their 'country,' says:

"'All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they [Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM and their friends] proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is, "Beauty and Booty."'

"The Democratic head of the illustrious FORREST will be gratefully hailed. He is himself a delegate, and his portrait needs no other inscription than: 'Our honored colleague as he appeared at Fort Pillow.'

"Should there be other delegates who took an equally active part in the late Democratic protest against BEAUREGARD'S 'reckless and unprincipled tyrant,' LINCOLN, let their portraits be gracefully grouped, and a representation of the Andersonville military prison appended, labeled, 'The Palladium of Southern Democratic liberties.'

"Of the cherished Northern statesmen of the party there must be, of course, a portrait of the favorite son of New York, HORATIO SEYMOUR, in the act of uttering his celebrated sentence:

"'If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms.'

"Or his other prophetic sentence, that to attempt to restore the Union by war would

"'Prove ruinous to the North, and develop the resources of the South.'

"Nor should a portrait of that stalwart Democrat JOHN A. GREENE, of Syracuse, be wanting. What could be fitter for its motto than that outburst of sound Democratic doctrine upon the subject of the draft in 1863—as General FRANKLIN and General SLOCUM will remember:

"'Ye devils incarnate [the Government of the United States], who with hearts of adamant and tearless eye drag hundreds of thousands to your slaughter-pens, and demand the extermination of millions more of the very brothers of your blood—tremble!'

"Shall we repudiate our PENDLETON—our Gentleman George, if we may seem familiar with that august name? Never. Beneath his canvas inscribe his immortal words:

"'If your differences are so great that you can not or will not compromise them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace!'

"Let us have also the countenance—a mermaiden blending of Whig and Democrat; Pan's Reed, a blown Reed—of the worthy biographer of JAMES BUCHANAN; and surrounding the portrait, like a halo, Mr. REED'S inspiring words:

"'I deny, as I have ever done.... that the Federal Government has any right under the Constitution to coerce by force of arms any one or more of its great constituencies.'

"We recommend with ardor a speaking portrait of our illustrious cavalry chief WADE HAMPTON—which our beloved brothers Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM will so gladly recognize. And for the motto what can be so appropriate as his very last public words, spoken less than a month ago, and which will be prophetic if we can only succeed at the polls:

"'The cause for which JACKSON [STONEWALL] and STUART fell can not be in vain; but, in some form, will yet triumph.'

"*Item.*—BERIAH MAGOFFIN. Beneath the inspiring lineaments of this brave old Kentucky war-horse, who, we are glad to know, will be in the city, let the noble reply be displayed which as Governor he returned to the despot LINCOLN'S call for hirelings and Hessians—as Generals FRANKLIN and SLOCUM and their brethren will not forget to remember:

"'I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.'

"Nor must we forget the head of the Giant of the Nutmeg State, the sage THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, predecessor of the great and good ENGLISH, who, in the midst of the late lamentable and unconstitutional attempt at coercion directed against the patriotic and Democratic BEAUREGARD, FORREST, HAMPTON, and other brethren, wrote these words which form the most fitting of mottoes:

"'Depend upon it, Heaven will frown upon such a cause as this: it can not and will not come to good.'

"And the patriotic PRICE, speaking for the Democrats of New Jersey when the late Protest began:

"'I say emphatically they would go with the South from every wise, prudential, and patriotic reason.'

"Then, as Arabian mosques are covered with inscriptions from the Koran, let the great hall of Tammany be illuminated with sentences of our beloved newspaper leaders, printed legibly in gold letters.

"Thus the denunciation by the Albany *Argus* of the call for 75,000 men by President LINCOLN as 'usurpation;' that happy phrase of the *Argus*, on the morning after the attack on Sumter, that we had become 'two peoples;' and its Union-loving sentiment:

"'They [Generals FRANKLIN, SLOCUM, and their friends] made an idol of the idea of national unity, and, after sacrificing minds and souls to it, have ended by the sacrifice of thousands of bleeding bodies.'

"We suggest, also, these truly Democratic words from the Milwaukee *News*, to be printed in large capitals:

"'If GRANT wins a battle it is in part a triumph over the fundamental law of the Government. If SHERMAN conquers Atlanta an essential portion of the Constitution is thereafter dead.'

"Add to these those memorable utterances of our own *World*, in denouncing the draft as 'the last odious resort of worse than Austrian despotism,' and in saying of President LINCOLN:

"'It is no impediment to that law to denounce as an oath breaker him who has shamefully done his official utmost to pervert the war for the Union into a war for abolition. For that high-handed crime he can find no more warrant in the Constitution than he can find authority for calling out five hundred thousand men wherewith to set up a monarchy with himself at the apex. No more can the law against hindering enlistments be evoked to silence denunciation of the crime of the perjurer than the crime of the tyrant.'

"But why continue? Turn which way we may we find the same consoling and lofty strain. Cover the walls, then, with such portraits and such sentences. And if these things, and hundreds of thousands more like them, the words of our papers and orators, the resolutions of our State and National Conventions, the cheers and sympathy and hope of all the distinguished Southern Democrats when they were protesting in the field, do not show to our friends, the soldiers and sailors, that the Democratic party was the real war-party, and to a candid country that it is the party of Union, freedom, and the Constitution, what, in the name of truth and history, can?

"We pause, as we have been pausing ever since the Protest began, for a reply. All of which is respectfully submitted by the Committee on Decorations."

FRAUDS IN NATURALIZATION.

THE attention of members of Congress has been directed to this subject by those who wish to preserve the purity of the franchise; but we learn that some Western members hesitate about urging appropriate legislation, on the ground that, being on the eve of a great canvass, some apprehension might be entertained by our foreign population that it was in truth aimed against any naturalization instead of against fraudulent naturalization merely.

The number fradulently naturalized in this city alone is very large—some estimate it as high as ten thousand annually—and although fewer foreigners are arriving at this moment than usual, it is not to be doubted that there will be a sufficient number of immigrants to put the result in this State in some peril; and many of these will be admitted to citizenship, if the opportunity for the commission of these frauds is allowed to continue.

An examination of the act of Congress to authorize naturalization shows that it requires collusion, or a carelessness which is equivalent to it, between the agents of the law and the person applying to be admitted, in order to accomplish the fraud, for the act contemplated that it should be considered a most solemn proceeding.

The third section provides "that the Court admitting such alien shall be satisfied that he has resided within the United States five years at least, and within the State or Territory where such Court is at the time held, one year at least; and it shall further appear to their satisfaction that during that time he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same."

All other countries impose guards over admission to citizenship, and such was the manifest intention of the act of Congress, but the mode of performing this delicate and important duty here shows that there is absolutely no real check.

As an important election approaches active preparation is always made at Tammany Hall to recruit its ranks from fresh importations, and although its original aim was to secure only the city for the Democracy, it soon attempted to control the result in the State, and now aspires to affect the Presidential contest—no other limit being imposed upon its means than the present paucity of arrivals. Blank certificates of naturalization are prepared and kept by the clerks of courts, some printed plainly, others with colored letters, and a few on parchment. When the certificate is about to be issued, the deputy for the time being suggests that the new citizen might deem it desirable to have some regard to its elegance or durability with a view perhaps to its being framed, and in that case the person admitted and agreeing to the suggestion pays the difference in expense between an ordinary blank and the more expensive one; but with the exception of this perquisite, which amounts to a large sum, all other expense, when its committee is in session, is borne by Tammany Hall, to which establishment the charge is made for the usual expense of admission. A few years ago it owed to one of the clerks a balance of about two thousand dollars, which remained unpaid for some time, but whether ultimately paid or reported with a view to its being canceled, would of course be decided by the Grand Sachems.

A regular Naturalization Committee has for years been in operation at Tammany Hall, whose services are brought into requisition for a few weeks immediately preceding an election. Ordinary blanks are obtained by the Committee from one of the clerks—the Superior or Common Pleas Courts are usually preferred—and the requisite papers are prepared by clerks of the Committee, to which is annexed a printed card containing a request, "Please naturalize"—the name of the applicant for admission appearing in writing. The applicants and witnesses go over in squads together, and such is the number which crowds the court-room that a dozen citizens are sworn in together (the hand of one being upon the book, and that of others piled over it) when the Clerk utters the solemn oath with a rapidity suited to the emergency.

The witnesses are passed in review before the Judge, who makes inquiry into the circumstances; but as Tammany Hall is now in the ascendant, the request "Please naturalize" will doubtless be deemed sufficient by judges who are elected through its instrumentality, and whose witnesses shall swear to what is requisite for numerous simultaneous applications. A story is told at the City Hall, intended no doubt as a mere satire upon these proceedings: "Is he a man of good moral character?" inquired the Judge. "What is that, your Honor?" "I mean, is he a good man?" "That he is, your Honor. I have seen him in forty fights, and he always came out best."

We learn that these proceedings are not recorded in the engrossed minutes of the Court, but that only a mere index is kept of those admitted to citizenship. The deputy-clerk who acts in this service, doubtless a nominee of Tammany Hall, affixes the seal of the Court and signs the Clerk's name to the certificate of naturalization. But if the proceedings were entered in regularly engrossed minutes the entry would constitute a check over such admissions to citizenship as might be made without the instrumentality of the Court. The ticket issued by the Committee—"Please naturalize"—is retained by the Clerk as his voucher for the charge of half a dollar made against the Grand Sachems, to be collected subsequently to the election if (it may be) the party is successful in the canvass.

The Judge who presides at this short season of activity—it might perhaps be called the season of blossoms at Tammany Hall—allows no other judicial business to interfere with the admission of citizens. The haste with which the act is done is inconsistent with accuracy; and the question will doubtless arise, which is really the tribunal that decides upon citizenship—the Committee of Tammany Hall or the Court?

Citizens may be admitted by the Supreme, Superior, District or Circuit Court of any State or county, or the Territorial Districts of the United States, or by a Circuit or District Court of the United States—"every Court of Record in any individual State having common-law jurisdiction and a seal and Clerk or Prothono-

tary" to be considered a District State Court within the meaning of the Act.

In 1813 an act was passed subjecting to fine or imprisonment any person who shall falsely make, forge, or counterfeit, or cause or procure to be falsely made, forged, or counterfeited, any certificate or evidence of citizenship, or shall pass, utter, or use as true any false, forged, or counterfeited certificate, or shall make sale or dispose of any certificate to any person other than the person for whom it was originally issued, and to whom it may of right belong. It was contended that this section applied only to seamen, but it has been held to be general in its character.

The act of 1798 required a registry of aliens desiring to be admitted citizens; but this was repealed, or supposed to be, by the act of 1802. In lieu of such registry, notice of the intended application, of the place of nativity of the applicant, of the vessel in which he arrived, of his age and residence up to the time of application, and of the name and residence of his witness, might be required; and any person might be allowed a standing in court to contest the application or see to its regularity, or commissioners of the United States might be named in lieu of State tribunals, and the names of persons admitted might be reported to the Secretary of State. But something effectual should be immediately done by Congress to prevent the frauds which are supposed to occur so largely as to affect the result in closely contested States.

BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE.

When the Democratic Convention of 1864 met at Chicago, those patriotic friends of the Union and the Constitution, Mr. Clement C. Clay, Mr. Jacob Thompson, and Mr. George N. Sanders, had established themselves in Canada within convenient distance for communication; and just as the Convention of 1868 assembles we observe that "General Breckinridge, late of the Confederate States army," has arrived in Toronto from France. The newspapers also report the presence of Generals Beauregard and Wade Hampton, of the same army, in this city. General Forrest, of the same service, is a member of the Convention. General Quantrell we do not yet see announced; indeed we are not sure that that eminent patriot is living. Mr. Surratt, late of the Confederate States civil service, is unavoidably detained. How grateful we ought to be to these generous gentlemen, who, after their late exhausting labors, are now willing and anxious to undertake the control of the Government of the United States!

WASHINGTON'S PRINCIPLES AT WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

Some time since we called attention to a public meeting in this city, under the auspices of the Governor and many of the most conspicuous Republican citizens, for the relief of Washington College in Virginia, of which General Lee is President. We said, "There is no subject more important, there is nothing more absolutely essential to peaceful reconstruction than general education in those States," and we trusted "that those who wish to do what they can to heal all national wounds will give the subject a candid and thoughtful attention." It was represented by the circular that the principles of Washington were to be inculcated in the college that bears his name, and nothing seemed to us more desirable for the youth of the Southern States.

We are now sorry to have to record that the circular did not tell the truth. The late Commencement festival at Washington College was made in part the occasion of a kind of memorial service to the "lost cause," which was, of course, wholly a matter of taste so far as the participants were concerned. There was an alumni supper during the Commencement week, at which the fourth toast was: "The fallen heroes of the war! Noble men. The story of their martyrdom adds fresh lustre to a motto too often sneered at, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" To this classic toast General Wade Hampton responded. He said that he did not believe they had fallen in vain—the cause for which Jackson and Stuart fell can not be in vain, but in some form would yet triumph. The eloquent General, who had also delivered the address before the Literary Societies, evidently had his eye upon the New York Convention of the 4th of July. In closing, he proposed as a toast "The lost cause." The reporter says: "This was drank silently and solemnly by all; and in looking around we observed that nearly all present were Confederate soldiers."

The eighth toast at this cheerful supper was, "The true men of the South! Having courage without rashness, prudence without timidity, they neither quail before the frown of power nor fawn upon the hands that have manacled the liberties of their country." To this toast "The man who had led the Stonewall Brigade" was summoned to respond; and that worthy, Walker by name, said that during the war he had sought the true interest of Virginia, and that "since the surrender he had never bowed the knee to Baal." He never meant to acknowledge higher allegiance than he owed his State. After General Lee had retired, the health of "Old Marse Robert," as he was called, was drunk, "and three vociferous cheers given for the loved old hero."

These gentlemen who prefer to call a section their country, and who choose to bewail the total failure of the most causeless and cruel rebellion as a lost cause to be honored, will undoubtedly follow their fancies. But as we, persuaded by the circular and by the names of the gentlemen who called the meeting, spoke of it as one worthy the serious attention of thoughtful men, it becomes now our duty to say that the political principles of Washington are evidently despised at the College that bears his name, and that a college whose Commencement is devoted by its alumni to such a performance as this supper is a mere hot-bed of disaffection to the Union and to the principles of the American Government. Moreover, every humane and charitable effort of this kind upon the part of loyal men has been received in the same way by the heroes of "the lost cause." And these men it will be remembered, persons like Wade Hampton and General Walker, are the leaders of the Democratic party in the Southern States.

REPRESENTATION IN PARTY CONVENTIONS.

The Geneva *Courier* has made a careful and interesting calculation, which shows the extreme inequality in the representation of the Republican party in a Republican Convention. By the present system, based upon Assembly Districts, without regard to the number of Republican voters, it appears that 26,259 Republicans living in the city of New York have the same power in a Convention as 74,896 Republicans living in certain rural counties. The 26,259 Republican voters in the city have 63 delegates, while 27,169 in the agricultural districts have but 18! The 385 Republican voters of the Third Assembly District of the city are equal in power and representation in the Convention to the 5618 Republicans of Alleghany County. The calculation tends to prove that less than one-third of the Republican voters of the State control the State Convention.

The injustice of such a system is evident. No defense can be made for it, and the Convention of the 8th of July should take up the subject and settle it. The *Courier*, which has evidently pondered the matter, proposes the following plan as a remedy:

"Let 1000 Republicans be the unit of representation, and Assembly Districts, as at present, be the division. Each Assembly District with less than 1500 Republicans shall have one delegate; 1500, and less than 2500, two delegates; 2500, and less than 3500, three delegates; 3500, and less than 4500, four delegates, etc., and allowing one delegate for each 1000 Republicans, or fraction of 500 or over, the number of Republicans to be determined by the votes cast at the last election for State officers. There may be much better plans. We only suggest this as one for consideration."

UNDER WHICH?

The political spectacle of the moment is instructive. The Republican party, the party of the country and of the war, of liberty, progress, and civilization, after successfully vindicating the authority of the Government, obliterating the shameful stain of slavery, and maintaining the bond of the Union, has restored every seceding State but three to its practical relations in the Union upon the broad, simple, humane principle of equal civil and political rights, and has done this despite the treachery of the Executive head of the Government and the relentless hostility of an unscrupulous party. Knowing that upon no other principle can there be a peaceful Union and general prosperity, it has declared that it adheres to this policy. Knowing that without that tranquillity the debt can not be paid, and that there is among the ashes of the rebellion a spark of hope that the debt may be repudiated, the national creditors defrauded, and every man in the land disgraced; it has, simultaneously with its policy of equal rights and peace, declared that the national honor shall be faithfully defended, and has nominated as the representatives of these principles and this policy the great soldier of the war, who has shown himself as free from the traditional ambition of a renowned and victorious general as Washington himself, and with him a man of the same pure personal character and identified with the cause of constitutional liberty that triumphed in the war.

Upon the other side, the Democratic party, whose inhuman policy, alike a crime against the conscience and the prosperity of the country, plunged us into the war, and which four years ago demanded that the Government should treat with traitors in arms, now baffled in every effort to overthrow the Government, either by force or by negotiation with its enemies, stands torn with doubt and mad with the lust of power, wondering in what way it can most successfully deceive the country and reverse the great victory which it could not prevent. Conscious that its logical and secretly cherished design, if declared, would be repudiated by the people, its counsels are divided between those who would say nothing and those who would reveal the real party purpose. Hating equal rights as perilous to its party ascendency, it would thrust back into political and industrial chaos the States which the Republicans have restored, and renewing its alliance with the disaffected classes of the South would seek a reconstruction which should leave the spirit that rebelled and palliated rebellion paramount in the Government. Disorganizing, dangerous, reckless, and destructive, as every party indifferent to humanity and resolved upon injustice must necessarily be, the Democratic party goes into its Convention agreed only in contempt for the great principles of the Government, and in a passionate desire for its control.

These are the attitudes of the two parties that ask the sympathy and the support of the American people. The one, having successfully concluded the war, is organizing its results, cherishing vengeance against no man or class, and anxious that those whom conspicuous disaffection have necessarily disfranchised may at the earliest moment—which depends upon themselves—again resume their share in the common government. The other anxious only that fidelity and patriotism may be disfranchised, and disaffection put into power, in order that those who derided loyalty to the Union may now govern it.

To doubt the result would be to question the common-sense of the American people.

"THE NATION."

By a curious coincidence the *Tribune* lately published in the same issue a letter from London which spoke of the *Nation* as "treacherous" to the Republican party, and a leader which deplored the want of a weekly paper in New York which, after the manner of the London *Spectator*, should discuss all subjects, political, literary, social, and scientific, with ample knowledge, force, grace, and earnestness.

Now we have been faithful readers of the *Nation* from its first Number, and we take especial pleasure in informing our readers that it is the very paper which the *Tribune* so felicitously portrays. It discusses every public question with a fullness of information and ripeness of thought, a candor, independence, conviction, and good temper which we and the *Tribune*, and all our daily and weekly contemporaries, may most profitably emulate. Its literary criticisms are not less commendable. A reader can actually judge by them whether a book is good or not, although "genial" criticism or indiscriminate praise must not be looked for in the *Nation*. Its scientific and other miscellany is accurate, and to the date. Its brief comments upon the topics of the week are not only sparkling, but often witty. It is truly Republican and radical in its politics; but it has no idols, and it often speaks even of Mr. Greeley, and Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Wade, and Mr. Phillips, as if they, too, were mortal. Indeed, it is unreservedly of the opinion that the time has come for turning "war-horses" out to grass; and if the test of fidelity to human progress and Republican principles be continuous praise of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Bingham, the *Nation* will be found wanting.

But the real value of the *Nation* among our papers is, that it serves the great cause to which the Republican party is devoted upon the highest grounds of principle, and in no mere partisan manner. It criticises Republican measures and men; but as a friend, not as an enemy. It confides in the true humanity of that cause so fully that it believes it to be injured by reckless measures and unscrupulous men. It believes, and we most heartily agree with it, that the course pursued by the New York *Tribune*, for instance, to procure the conviction of the President, was a thousandfold more "treacherous" to the Republican party than any adverse criticism of any measure advocated by Mr. Butler or Mr. Sumner, because it was a fierce assault upon the most sacred principles of human conduct, and an incitement to anarchy.

The character of the press in this country has signally improved within a few years. We doubt if it ever were a greater power than it is now. But among the signs of its real elevation and of its encouraging prospects we find the support of so truly able and independent a paper as the *Nation* one of the most cheering.

SWEETMEATS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Some sweetmeats taste like molasses. Gradgrind says it is because they are made with molasses: but this is not so; they have that flavor when crushed sugar is used. It is for this reason: liquids that are dense have their boiling points much higher than lighter ones. The sirup of sweetmeats is comparatively thin at first, and is gradually reduced to the proper consistency by boiling down. It is at this time that the sugar is burned, or partly caramelized, and this although the watchful eye of the skillful housewife sees none of the ordinary signs of burning. Rapid ebullition, which is sometimes sought after to hasten the process, is sure to produce the molasses taste and a foreign color; and the only way to beat your neighbors (which is, I believe, one of the highest triumphs this world can give) is, to use time and patience, and reduce the sirup gradually to the desired state. Fruits of delicate flavors, especially the strawberry, raspberry, and cherry, require great care and attention, or the most imaginative person could not detect what they were intended for; they are generally burned in boiling at too great heat. I have just burned some myself. The fruit jellies sold in glass tumblers at groceries are chiefly gelatine, colored to suit the fancy, and named with perfect recklessness; call them by any name, and they would sell as well.

Of course these remarks apply particularly to fruits preserved in sugar; not to those abominations, as generally made, canned fruits. Nine out of ten of these have undergone slight vinous fermentation at least, which is sufficient to render them unwholesome and unpalatable. I have never found any thing better in the course of a long experience than a compromise between canning and preserving by the old method; that is, pound for pound. Fruit cooked so as to exude its juice, which is done by scalding in *half* its weight of sugar, the resulting sirup simmered slowly to a ropy consistency and then canned in *glass*, air-tight, will have the flavor God gave it. What is the use of canning fruit without sugar? The sugar has subsequently to be added in any event. The peach will float in an amber sea, the cherries and strawberries in a scarlet one, and the green-gages in such a peculiar yellow-green (like that what's-its-name cordial) that it makes one's mouth anticipate the opening day.

With your kind permission I will request that those who love fruit, in season and out of season, will refrain from scorching it into chocolate caramel (without the chocolate), and boil or simmer it slowly into

"—lucent sirups tinct with cinnamon,"

as Mr. Keats wrote.

If they don't like cinnamon, let them leave it out. Egbert P. Watson.

Elizabeth, N. J.

LITERARY.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued a Life of Schuyler Colfax, written by the Rev. A. Y. Moore of South Bend, Indiana, who has been for many years his pastor and personal friend. The work has been in preparation for some time, and is now published with the consent of Mr. Colfax, as the public naturally wishes to know the story of his life. It is illustrated with an admirable steel portrait, and will be valuable as a record of the honest and intelligent industry, the steady reliance upon the highest political principle, and the practical sagacity and ability which have made Mr. Colfax a representative American.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Messrs. Rice and Macdonald were sworn in as Senators from the reconstructed State of Arkansas on June 23. The House admitted the representatives of the same State on the following day.

The bill making eight hours a day's work for government laborers and mechanics was passed by the Senate on June 24.

The Southern Restoration bill ("Omnibus bill"), re-admitting North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana, was passed in the Senate over the President's veto by 35 to 8; in the House by 105 to 30, all on the 25th June, the day the veto was received from the President.

NEWS ITEMS.

John Dabney, a colored man in Richmond, Virginia, purchased his freedom from Mrs. Dejarnette of Hanover, Virginia, just before the war, for $2000, agreeing to pay the amount by installments. During the pendency of the struggle he paid about one-half of it in Confederate currency, which was at last so depreciated in value that his late mistress requested him to discontinue the payments until the close of the conflict. When slavery was abolished the debt was of course no longer due; but notwithstanding he was advised against such a course Dabney lately transmitted to his old mistress, now in indigent circumstances, $600 in greenbacks, being the balance of the $2000 he had contracted to pay.

The newly elected Louisiana Legislature convened on June 29. A majority of the Democratic members elect could not take the oath of office and withdrew, leaving those who could to organize the two Houses with bare quorums.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The religious and other reforms in Austria are exciting the ire of the Pope, and he has already pronounced an allocution against it, which promises to be as effective as the famous "Bull against the Comet." In this allocution the Pope expresses himself as opposed to all progress and enlightenment by declaring that "the Concordat should have been regarded by Austria as perpetual in effect, and he warns all persons who approve of the laws recently passed by the Reichsrath concerning the press, religious toleration, civil marriage, and public education, to beware of the spiritual pains and penalties attached to violations of the sacred rights of the Church." The immediate effect of this threat was not consoling to "his Holiness." On the day after its publication Baron von Beust, Prime Minister of Austria, in adjourning the Imperial Council, assured the members that the threats of the Church would not prevent the enforcement of the laws just passed. So strong is the reform party in Austria that when the law at which the Pope rails in this wise was presented to the Emperor Francis Joseph for his signature, he said, apologizing for signing, that he had either to sign or resign. If he can not stem this tide, how can the Pope hope to resist the reformation? It is at least noteworthy, if not significant, that on the day of the publication of the allocution throughout Europe the statue of Martin Luther was inaugurated at Worms, King William and the Crown Prince of Prussia, and a vast concourse of people, witnessing the ceremony, and joining in the hymns which were sung.

Mexico, through Juarez, has announced to the English holders of Mexican bonds that their negotiations with Maximilian had annulled all obligations on the part of Mexico to pay them. "A new way to pay old debts."

The Japanese revolution is announced as having come to an end by the submission of the Tycoon, Stots Bashi. Nevertheless the fighting continued, the quarrel having assumed a new phase not clearly stated in the latest dispatches, and altogether incomprehensible.

The King of the Sandwich Islands is opposed to annexation to the United States, and lately said that if they gave him any trouble on the subject, or sent any more iron-clads to his harbors, he would hoist the British flag and claim British protection.

VESTIBULE OF THE MANHATTAN CLUB-HOUSE, NEW YORK—DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION VISITING THE CLUB.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

THE MANHATTAN CLUB.

The Manhattan Club of New York is the social head-quarters of the Democracy, just as Tammany Hall, which we illustrate elsewhere, is the political quarters. The Club made extensive arrangements to extend its hospitalities to the delegates to the Convention in this city, and the handsome rooms—the vestibule of which we illustrate above—were crowded continually during the session of the Convention and for days before. Numbers of the members of the Club visited the various hotels, and invited the delegates to their Club-house; those accepting were registered in the visitors' book of the Club-house, and made it their quarters during their stay. Caucuses were also held there during the Convention, and the Manhattan Club was as strong a power in influencing the choice of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency as Tammany Hall itself. The Manhattan Club is one of the largest and most prosperous in the city, though quite young. It was founded a few years ago by John Van Buren and a few kindred spirits. Messrs. August Belmont, Augustus Schell, S. L. M. Barlow, Manton Marble, etc., are now the ruling spirits.

THE "LITTLE WESTERN" LOST.

A Captain Jarrett of Chicago, emulous of the fame of young Bennett and the *Henrietta*, Macgregor and the *Rob Roy*, and other daring and successful yachtsmen and yachts, lately built a miniature life-boat which he called the *Little Western*, and in which he proposed to pass through the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and thence across the Atlantic to Europe. But the disaster which occurred to the boat on June 21, and which we illustrate on this page, will probably put an end to the useless if not foolhardy scheme. On her second trip in Lake Michigan her sails became top heavy with the spray of the waves, and she capsized. She was immediately righted again, but instantly went over the other way. Captain Jarrett and a reporter named Chisholm were drowned.

THE "LITTLE WESTERN" OF CHICAGO CAPSIZING IN LAKE MICHIGAN, June 21.—[Sketched by W. Long Palen.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER X.

How the interval of suspense to which I was now condemned might have affected other men in my position, I can not pretend to say. The influence of the two hours' probation upon *my* temperament was simply this. I felt physically incapable of remaining still in any one place, and morally incapable of speaking to any one human being, until I had first heard all that Ezra Jennings had to say to me.

In this frame of mind I not only abandoned my contemplated visit to Mrs. Ablewhite—I even shrank from encountering Gabriel Betteredge himself.

Returning to Frizinghall, I left a note for Betteredge, telling him that I had been unexpectedly called away for a few hours, but that he might certainly expect me to return toward three o'clock in the afternoon. I requested him, in the interval, to order his dinner at the usual hour, and to amuse himself as he pleased. He had, as I well knew, hosts of friends in Frizinghall; and he would be at no loss how to fill up his time until I returned to the hotel.

This done, I made the best of my way out of the town again, and roamed the lonely moorland country which surrounds Frizinghall, until my watch told me that it was time, at last, to return to Mr. Candy's house.

I found Ezra Jennings ready and waiting for me.

He was sitting alone in a bare little room, which communicated by a glazed door with a surgery. Hideous colored diagrams of the ravages of hideous diseases, decorated the barren buff-colored walls. A book-case filled with dingy medical works, and ornamented at the top with a skull, in place of the customary bust; a large deal table copiously splashed with ink; wooden chairs of the sort that are seen in kitchens and cottages; a threadbare drugget in the middle of the floor; a sink of water, with a basin and waste-pipe roughly let into the wall, horribly suggestive of its connection with surgical operations—comprised the entire furniture of the room. The bees were humming among a few flowers placed in pots outside the window; the birds were singing in the garden; and the faint intermittent jingle of a tuneless piano in some neighboring house, forced itself now and again on the ear. In any other place, these everyday sounds might have spoken pleasantly of the everyday world outside. Here, they came in as intruders on a silence which nothing but human suffering had the privilege to disturb. I looked at the mahogany instrument case, and at the huge roll of lint, occupying places of their own on the book-shelves, and shuddered inwardly as I thought of the sounds, familiar and appropriate to the everyday use of Ezra Jennings's room.

"I make no apology, Mr. Blake, for the place in which I am receiving you," he said. "It is the only room in the house, at this hour of the day, in which we can feel quite sure of being left undisturbed. Here are my papers ready for you; and here are two books to which we may have occasion to refer, before we have done. Bring your chair to the table, and we shall be able to consult them together."

I drew up to the table; and Ezra Jennings handed me his manuscript notes. They consisted of two large folio leaves of paper. One leaf contained writing which only covered the surface at intervals. The other presented writing, in red and black ink, which completely filled the page from top to bottom. In the irritated state of my curiosity at that moment I laid aside the second sheet of paper in despair.

"Have some mercy on me!" I said. "Tell me what I am to expect before I attempt to read this."

"Willingly, Mr. Blake! Do you mind my asking you one or two more questions?"

"Ask me any thing you like!"

He looked at me with the sad smile on his lips, and the kindly interest in his soft brown eyes.

"You have already told me," he said, "that you have never—to your knowledge—tasted opium in your life."

"To my knowledge?" I repeated.

"You will understand directly why I speak with that reservation. Let us go on. You are not aware of ever having taken opium. At this time, last year, you were suffering from nervous irritation, and you slept wretchedly at night. On the night of the birthday, however, there was an exception to the rule—you slept soundly. Am I right, so far?"

"Quite right."

"Can you assign any cause for your nervous suffering and your want of sleep?"

"I can assign no cause. Old Betteredge made a guess at the cause, I remember. But that is hardly worth mentioning."

"Pardon me. Any thing is worth mentioning in such a case as this. Betteredge attributed your sleeplessness to something. To what?"

"To my leaving off smoking."

"Had you been an habitual smoker?"

"Yes."

"Did you leave off the habit suddenly?"

"Yes."

"Betteredge was perfectly right, Mr. Blake. When smoking is a habit, a man must have no common constitution who can leave it off suddenly without some temporary damage to his nervous system. Your sleepless nights are accounted for, to my mind. My next question refers to Mr. Candy. Do you remember having entered into any thing like a dispute with him—at the birth-day dinner or afterward—on the subject of his profession?"

The question instantly awakened one of my dormant remembrances in connection with the birthday festival. The foolish wrangle which took place on that occasion, between Mr. Candy and myself, will be found, described at much greater length than it deserves, in the tenth chapter of Betteredge's Narrative. The details there presented of the dispute—so little had I thought of it afterward—entirely failed to recur to my memory. All that I could now recall, and all that I could tell Ezra Jennings, was that I had attacked the art of medicine at the dinner-table with sufficient rashness and sufficient pertinacity to put even Mr. Candy out of temper for the moment. I also remembered that Lady Verinder had interfered to stop the dispute, and that the little doctor and I had "made it up again," as the children say, and had become as good friends as ever before we shook hands that night.

"There is one thing more," said Ezra Jennings, "which it is very important that I should know. Had you any reason for feeling any special anxiety about the Diamond at this time last year?"

"I had the strongest reasons for feeling anxiety about the Diamond. I knew it to be the object of a conspiracy; and I was warned to take measures for Miss Verinder's protection, as the possessor of the stone."

"Was the safety of the Diamond the subject of conversation between you and any other person immediately before you retired to rest on the birthday night?"

"It was the subject of a conversation between Lady Verinder and her daughter—"

"Which took place in your hearing?"

"Yes."

Ezra Jennings took up his notes from the table and placed them in my hands.

"Mr. Blake," he said, "if you read those notes now, by the light which my questions and your answers have thrown on them, you will make two astounding discoveries concerning yourself. You will find: First, that you entered Miss Verinder's sitting-room and took the Diamond, in a state of trance produced by opium. Secondly, that the opium was given to you by Mr. Candy—without your own knowledge—as a practical refutation of the opinions which you had expressed to him at the birthday dinner."

I sat, with the papers in my hand, completely stupefied.

"Try and forgive poor Mr. Candy," said the assistant, gently. "He has done dreadful mischief, I own; but he has done it innocently. If you will look at the notes you will see that—but for his illness—he would have returned to Lady Verinder's the morning after the party, and would have acknowledged the trick that he had played you. Miss Verinder would have heard of it, and Miss Verinder would have questioned him—and the truth which has laid hidden for a year would have been discovered in a day."

I began to regain my self-possession. "Mr. Candy is beyond the reach of my resentment," I said, angrily. "But the trick that he played me is not the less an act of treachery for all that. I may forgive, but I shall not forget it."

"Every medical man commits that act of treachery, Mr. Blake, in the course of his practice. The ignorant distrust of opium (in England) is by no means confined to the lower and less cultivated classes. Every doctor in large practice finds himself, every now and then, obliged to deceive his patients, as Mr. Candy deceived you. I don't defend the folly of playing you a trick under the circumstances. I only plead with you for a more accurate and more merciful construction of motives."

"How was it done?" I asked. "Who gave me the laudanum without my knowing it myself?"

"I am not able to tell you. Nothing relating to that part of the matter dropped from Mr. Candy's lips, all through his illness. Perhaps your own memory may point to the person to be suspected?"

"No."

"It is useless, in that case, to pursue the inquiry. The laudanum was secretly given to you in some way. Let us leave it there and go on to matters of more immediate importance. Read my notes, if you can. Familiarize your mind with what has happened in the past. I have something very bold and very startling to propose to you which relates to the future."

Those last words roused me.

I looked at the papers, in the order in which Ezra Jennings had placed them in my hands. The paper which contained the smaller quantity of writing was the uppermost of the two. On this the disconnected words and fragments of sentences which had dropped from Mr. Candy in delirium appeared, as follows:

"......Mr. Franklin Blake......and agreeable ......down a peg......medicine......confesses...... sleep at night......tell him......out of order...... medicine......he tells me......and groping in the dark mean one and the same thing......all the company at the dinner-table......I say......groping after sleep......nothing but medicine......he says ......leading the blind......know what it means ......witty......a night's rest in spite of his teeth ......wants sleep......Lady Verinder's medicine-chest......five-and-twenty minims......without his knowing it......to-morrow morning......Well, Mr. Blake......medicine to-day......never......without it......out, Mr. Candy......excellent......without it......down on him......truth......something besides......excellent......dose of laudanum, Sir ......bed......what......medicine now."

There the first of the two sheets of paper came to an end. I handed it back to Ezra Jennings.

"That is what you heard at his bedside?" I said.

"Literally and exactly what I heard," he answered; "except that the repetitions are not transferred here from my short-hand notes. He reiterated certain words and phrases a dozen times over, fifty times over, just as he attached more or less importance to the idea which they represented. The repetitions, in this sense, were of some assistance to me in putting together those fragments. Don't suppose," he added, pointing to the second sheet of paper, "that I claim to have reproduced the expressions which Mr. Candy himself would have used if he had been capable of speaking connectedly. I only say that I have penetrated through the obstacle of the disconnected expression to the thought which was underlying it connectedly all the time. Judge for yourself."

I turned to the second sheet of paper, which I now knew to be the key to the first.

Once more, Mr. Candy's wanderings appeared, copied in black ink; the intervals between the phrases being filled up by Ezra Jennings in red ink. I reproduce the result here, in one plain form; the original language and the interpretation of it coming close enough together in these pages to be easily compared and verified.

"......Mr. Franklin Blake is clever and agreeable, but he wants taking down a peg when he talks of medicine. He confesses that he has been suffering from want of sleep at night. I tell him that his nerves are out of order, and that he ought to take medicine. He tells me that taking medicine and groping in the dark mean one and the same thing. This before all the company at the dinner-table. I say to him, you are groping after sleep, and nothing but medicine can help you to find it. He says to me, I have heard of the blind leading the blind, and now I know what it means. Witty—but I can give him a night's rest in spite of his teeth. He really wants sleep; and Lady Verinder's medicine-chest is at my disposal. Give him five-and-twenty minims of laudanum to-night, without his knowing it; and then call to-morrow morning. 'Well, Mr. Blake, will you try a little medicine to-day? You will never sleep without it.'—'There you are out, Mr. Candy: I have had an excellent night's rest without it.' Then come down on him with the truth! 'You have had something besides an excellent night's rest; you had a dose of laudanum, Sir, before you went to bed. What do you say to the art of medicine now?'"

Admiration of the ingenuity which had woven this smooth and finished texture out of the raveled skein was naturally the first impression that I felt on handing the manuscript back to Ezra Jennings. He modestly interrupted the first few words in which my sense of surprise expressed itself, by asking me if the conclusion which he had drawn from his notes was also the conclusion at which my own mind had arrived.

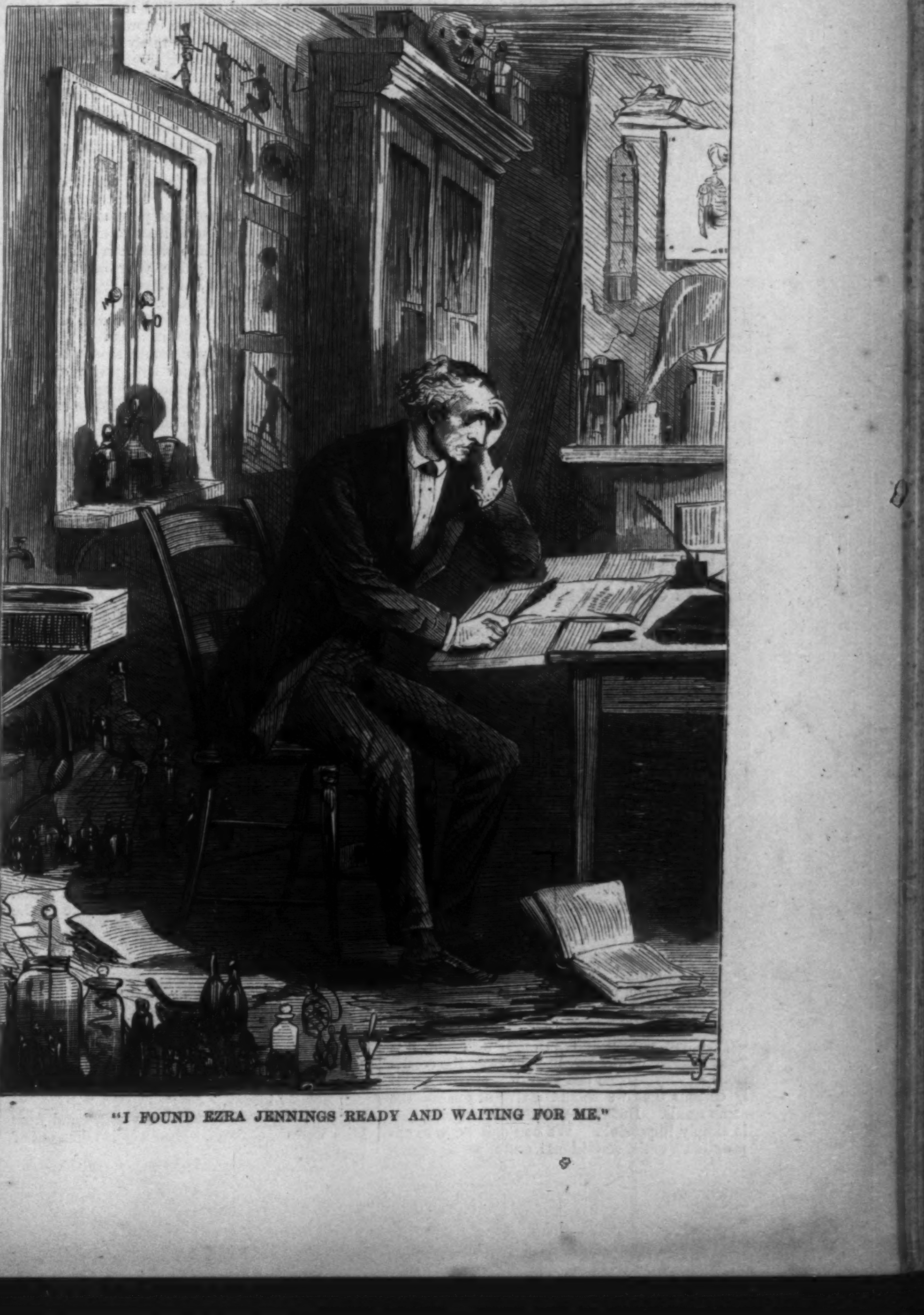
"Do you believe as I believe," he said, "that you were acting under the influence of the laudanum in doing all that you did, on the night of Miss Verinder's birthday, in Lady Verinder's house?"

"I am too ignorant of the influence of laudanum to have an opinion of my own," I answered. "I can only follow your opinion, and feel convinced that you are right."

"Very well. The next question is this. You are convinced; and I am convinced—how are we to carry our conviction to the minds of other people?"

I pointed to the two manuscripts, lying on the table between us. Ezra Jennings shook his head.

"Useless, Mr. Blake! Quite useless, as they stand now, for three unanswerable reasons. In the first place, those notes have been taken, under circumstances entirely out of the experience of the mass of mankind. Against them, to begin with! In the second place, those notes represent a medical and metaphysical theory. Against them, once more! In the third place, those notes are of *my* making; there is nothing but *my* assertion to the contrary to guarantee that they are not fabrications. Remember what I told you on the moor—and ask yourself what my assertion is worth. No! my notes have but one value, looking to the verdict of the world outside.



"I FOUND EZRA JENNINGS READY AND WAITING FOR ME."

Your innocence is to be vindicated; and they show how it can be done. We must put our conviction to the proof—and You are the man to prove it."

"How?" I asked.

He leaned eagerly nearer to me across the table that divided us.

"Are you willing to try a bold experiment?"

"I will do any thing to clear myself of the suspicion that rests on me now."

"Will you submit to some personal inconvenience for a time?"

"To any inconvenience, no matter what it may be."

"Will you be guided implicitly by my advice? It may expose you to the ridicule of fools; it may subject you to the remonstrances of friends whose opinions you are bound to respect—"

"Tell me what to do!" I broke out impatiently. "And, come what may, I'll do it."

"You shall do this, Mr. Blake," he answered. "You shall steal the Diamond, unconsciously, for the second time, in the presence of witnesses whose testimony is beyond dispute."

I started to my feet. I tried to speak. I could only look at him.

"I believe it *can* be done," he went on. "And it *shall* be done—if you will only help me. Try to compose yourself—sit down, and hear what I have to say to you. You have resumed the habit of smoking; I have seen that for myself. How long have you resumed it?"

"For nearly a year."

"Do you smoke more or less than you did?"

"More."

"Will you give up the habit again? Suddenly, mind! as you gave it up before."

I began dimly to see his drift. "I will give it up from this moment," I answered.

"If the same consequences follow which followed last June," said Ezra Jennings—"if you suffer once more as you suffered then, from sleepless nights, we shall have gained our first step. We shall have put you back again into something assimilating to your nervous condition on the birthday night. If we can next revive, or nearly revive, the domestic circumstances which surrounded you; and if we can occupy your mind again with the various questions concerning the Diamond which formerly agitated it, we shall have replaced you, as nearly as possible, in the same position, physically and morally, in which the opium found you last year. In that case we may fairly hope that a repetition of the dose will lead, in a greater or lesser degree, to a repetition of the result. There is my proposal, expressed in a few hasty words. You shall now see what reasons I have to justify me in making it."

He turned to one of the books at his side, and opened it at a place marked by a small slip of paper.

"Don't suppose that I am going to weary you with a lecture on physiology," he said. "I think myself bound to prove, in justice to both of us, that I am not asking you to try this experiment in deference to any theory of my own devising. Admitted principles and recognized authorities justify me in the view that I take. Give me five minutes of your attention, and I will undertake to show you that science sanctions my proposal, fanciful as it may seem. Here, in the first place, is the physiological principle on which I am acting, stated by no less a person than Dr. Carpenter. Read it for yourself."

He handed me the slip of paper which had marked the place in the book. It contained a few lines of writing, as follows:

"There seems much ground for the belief that *every* sensory impression which has once been recognized by the perceptive consciousness, is registered (so to speak) in the brain, and may be reproduced at some subsequent time, although there may be no consciousness of its existence in the mind during the whole intermediate period."

"Is that plain, so far?" asked Ezra Jennings.

"Perfectly plain."

He pushed the open book across the table to me, and pointed to a passage marked by pencil lines.

"Now," he said, "read that account of a case which has—as I believe—a direct bearing on your own position, and on the experiment which I am tempting you to try. Observe, Mr. Blake, before you begin, that I am now referring you to one of the greatest of English physiologists. The book in your hand is Doctor Elliotson's Human Physiology; and the case which the doctor cites rests on the well-known authority of Mr. Combe."

The passage pointed out to me was expressed in these terms:

"Doctor Abel informed me," says Mr. Combe, "of an Irish porter to a warehouse, who forgot, when sober, what he had done when drunk; but, being drunk, again recollected the transactions of his former state of intoxication. On one occasion, being drunk, he had lost a parcel of some value, and in his sober moments could give no account of it. Next time he was intoxicated he recollected that he had left a parcel at a certain house, and there being no address on it, it had remained there safely, and was got on his calling for it."

"Plain again?" asked Ezra Jennings.

"As plain as need be."

He put back the slip of paper in its place, and closed the book.

"Are you satisfied that I have not spoken without good authority to support me?" he asked. "If not, I have only to go to those book-shelves, and you have only to read the passages which I can point out to you."

"I am quite satisfied," I said, "without reading a word more."

"In that case, we may return to your own personal interest in this matter. I am bound to tell you that there is something to be said against the experiment as well as for it. If we could, this year, exactly reproduce, in your case, the conditions as they existed last year, it is physiologically certain that we should arrive at exactly the same result. But this—there is no denying it—is simply impossible. We can only hope to approximate to the conditions; and if we don't succeed in getting you nearly enough back to what you were, this venture of onrs will fail. If we do succeed—and I am myself hopeful of success—you may at least so far repeat your proceedings on the birthday night as to satisfy any reasonable person that you are guiltless, morally speaking, of the theft of the Diamond. I believe, Mr. Blake, I have now stated the question, on both sides of it, as fairly as I can, within the limits that I have imposed on myself. If there is any thing that I have not made clear to you tell me what it is—and if I can enlighten you I will."

"All that you have explained to me," I said, "I understand perfectly. But I own I am puzzled on one point, which you have not made clear to me yet."

"What is the point?"

"I don't understand the effect of the laudanum on me. I don't understand my walking down stairs, and along corridors, and my opening and shutting the drawers of a cabinet, and my going back again to my own room. All these are active proceedings. I thought the influence of opium was first to stupefy you, and then to send you to sleep."

"The common error about opium, Mr. Blake! I am, at this moment, exerting my intelligence (such as it is) in your service, under the influence of a dose of laudanum, some ten times larger than the dose Mr. Candy administered to you. But don't trust to my authority—even on a question which comes within my own personal experience. I anticipated the objection you have just made; and I have again provided myself with independent testimony, which will carry its due weight with it in your own mind, and in the minds of your friends."

He handed me the second of the two books which he had by him on the table.

"There," he said, "are the far-famed 'Confessions of an English Opium Eater!' Take the book away with you, and read it. At the passage which I have marked you will find that when De Quincey had committed what he calls 'a debauch of opium,' he either went to the gallery at the Opera to enjoy the music, or he wandered about the London markets on Saturday night, and interested himself in observing all the little shifts and bargainings of the poor in providing their Sunday dinners. So much for the capacity of a man to occupy himself actively, and to move about from place to place under the influence of opium."

"I am answered so far," I said; "but I am not answered yet as to the effect produced by the opium on myself."

"I will try to answer you in few words," said Ezra Jennings. "The action of opium is comprised, in the majority of cases, in two influences—a stimulating influence first, and a sedative influence afterward. Under the stimulating influence, the latest and most vivid impressions left on your mind—namely, the impressions relating to the Diamond—would be likely, in your morbidly sensitive nervous condition, to become intensified in your brain, and would subordinate to themselves your judgment and your will—exactly as an ordinary dream subordinates to itself your judgment and your will. Little by little, under this action, any apprehensions about the safety of the Diamond which you might have felt during the day, would be liable to develop themselves from the state of doubt to the state of certainty—would impel you into practical action to preserve the jewel—would direct your steps, with that motive in view, into the room which you entered—and would guide your hand to the drawers of the cabinet, until you had found the drawer which held the stone. In the spiritualized intoxication of opium, you would do all that. Later, as the sedative action began to gain on the stimulant action, you would slowly become inert and stupefied. Later still, you would fall into a deep sleep. When the morning came, and the effect of the opium had been all slept off, you would wake as absolutely ignorant of what you had done in the night as if you had been living at the Antipodes.—Have I made it tolerably clear to you, so far?"

"You have made it so clear," I said, "that I want you to go farther. You have shown me how I entered the room, and how I came to take the Diamond. But Miss Verinder saw me leave the room again, with the jewel in my hand. Can you trace my proceedings from that moment? Can you guess what I did next?"

"That is the very point I was coming to," he rejoined. "It is a question with me whether the experiment which I propose as a means of vindicating your innocence may not also be made a means of recovering the lost Diamond as well. When you left Miss Verinder's sitting-room, with the jewel in your hand, you went back in all probability to your own room—"

"Yes? and what then?"

"It is possible, Mr. Blake—I dare not say more—that your idea of preserving the Diamond led, by a natural sequence, to the idea of hiding the Diamond, and that the place in which you hid it was somewhere in your bedroom. In that event, the case of the Irish porter may be your case. You may remember, under the influence of the second dose of opium, the place in which you hid the Diamond under the influence of the first."

It was my turn, now, to enlighten Ezra Jennings. I stopped him before he could say any more.

"You are speculating," I said, "on a result which can not possibly take place. The Diamond is, at this moment, in London."

He started, and looked at me in great surprise.

"In London?" he repeated. "How did it get to London from Lady Verinder's house?"

"Nobody knows."

"You removed it with your own hand from Miss Verinder's room. How was it taken out of your keeping?"

"I have no idea how it was taken out of my keeping."

"Did you see it, when you woke in the morning?"

"No."

"Has Miss Verinder recovered possession of it?"

"No."

"Mr. Blake! there seems to be something here which wants clearing up. May I ask how you know that the Diamond is, at this moment, in London?"

I had put precisely the same question to Mr. Bruff, when I made my first inquiries about the Moonstone, on my return to England. In answering Ezra Jennings, I accordingly repeated what I had myself heard from the lawyer's own lips—and what is already familiar to the readers of these pages.

He showed plainly that he was not satisfied with my reply.

"With all deference to you," he said, "and with all deference to your legal adviser, I maintain the opinion which I expressed just now. It rests, I am well aware, on a mere assumption. Pardon me for reminding you that your opinion also rests on a mere assumption as well."

The view he took of the matter was entirely new to me. I waited anxiously to hear how he would defend it.

"*I* assume," pursued Ezra Jennings, "that the influence of the opium—after impelling you to possess yourself of the Diamond, with the purpose of securing its safety—might also impel you, acting under the same influence and the same motive, to hide it somewhere in your own room. *You* assume that the Hindoo conspirators could by no possibility commit a mistake. The Indians went to Mr. Luker's house after the Diamond—and, therefore, in Mr. Luker's possession the Diamond must be! Have you any evidence to prove that the Moonstone was taken to London at all? You can't even guess how, or by whom, it was removed from Lady Verinder's house! Have you any evidence that the jewel was pledged to Mr. Luker? He declares that he never heard of the Moonstone; and his bankers' receipt acknowledges nothing but the deposit of a valuable of great price. The Indians assume that Mr. Luker is lying—and you assume again that the Indians are right. All I say in defense of my view is—that it is possible. What more, Mr. Blake, either logically or legally, can be said for yours?"

It was put strongly; but there was no denying that it was put truly as well.

"I confess you stagger me," I replied. "Do you object to my writing to Mr. Bruff, and telling him what you have said?"

"On the contrary, I shall be glad if you will write to Mr. Bruff. If we consult his experience we may see the matter under a new light. For the present, let us return to our experiment with the opium. We have decided that you leave off the habit of smoking from this moment?"

"From this moment."

"That is the first step. The next step is to reproduce, as nearly as we can, the domestic circumstances which surrounded you last year."

How was this to be done? Lady Verinder was dead. Rachel and I, so long as the suspicion of theft rested on me, were parted irrevocably. Godfrey Ablewhite was away, traveling on the Continent. It was simply impossible to reassemble the people who had inhabited the house when I had slept in it last. The statement of this objection did not appear to embarrass Ezra Jennings. He attached very little importance, he said, to reassembling the same people—seeing that it would be vain to expect them to reassume the various positions which they had occupied toward me in the past time. On the other hand, he considered it essential to the success of the experiment that I should see the same objects about me which had surrounded me when I was last in the house.

"Above all things," he said, "you must sleep in the room which you slept in on the birthday night, and it must be furnished in the same way. The stairs, the corridors, and Miss Verinder's sitting-room, must also be restored to what they were when you saw them last. It is absolutely necessary, Mr. Blake, to replace every article of furniture in that part of the house which may now be put away. The sacrifice of your cigars will be useless unless we can get Miss Verinder's permission to do that."

"Who is to apply to her for permission?" I asked.

"Is it not possible for *you* to apply?"

"Quite out of the question. After what has passed between us on the subject of the lost Diamond I can neither see her, nor write to her, as things are now."

Ezra Jennings paused, and considered for a moment.

"May I ask you a delicate question?" he said.

I signed to him to go on.

"Am I right, Mr. Blake, in fancying (from one or two things which have dropped from you) that you felt no common interest in Miss Verinder in former times?"

"Quite right."

"Was the feeling returned?"

"It was."

"Do you think Miss Verinder would be likely to feel a strong interest in the attempt to prove your innocence?"

"I am certain of it."

"In that case *I* will write to Miss Verinder—if you will give me leave."

"Telling her of the proposal that you have made to me?"

"Telling her of every thing that has passed between us to-day."

It is needless to say that I eagerly accepted the service which he had offered to me.

"I shall have time to write by to-day's post," he said, looking at his watch. "Don't forget to lock up your cigars when you get back to the hotel! I will call to-morrow morning and hear how you have passed the night."

I rose to take leave of him, and attempted to express the grateful sense of his kindness which I really felt.

He pressed my hand gently. "Remember what I told you on the moor," he answered. "If I can do you this little service, Mr. Blake, I shall feel it like a last gleam of sunshine falling on the evening of a long and cloudy day."

We parted. It was then the fifteenth of June. The events of the next ten days—every one of them more or less directly connected with the experiment of which I was the passive object—are all placed on record, exactly as they happened, in the Journal habitually kept by Mr. Candy's assistant. In the pages of Ezra Jennings nothing is concealed, and nothing is forgotten. Let Ezra Jennings tell how the venture with the opium was tried, and how it ended.

SOLITUDE.

Oh that a wind would call
 From the depths of the leafless wood!
Oh that a voice would fall
 On the ear of my solitude!
Far away is the sea,
 With its sound and its spirit-tone:
Over it white clouds flee,
 But I am alone, alone.

Straight and steady and tall
 The trees stand on their feet;
Fast by the old stone-wall
 The moss grows green and sweet;
But my heart is full of fears,
 For the sun shines far away;
And they look in my face through tears,
 And the light of a dying day.

My heart was glad last night,
 As I pressed it with my palm;
Its throb was airy and light
 As it sang some spirit-psalm;
But it died away in my breast
 As I wandered forth to-day—
As a bird sat dead on its nest,
 While others sang on the spray.

Oh weary heart of mine!
 Is there ever a truth for thee?
Will ever a sun outshine
 But the sun that shines on me?
Away, away through the air
 The clouds and the leaves are blown;
And my heart hath need of prayer,
 For it sitteth alone, alone.

TAMMANY HALL.

The old Tammany Society, inaugurated in 1789, on the day of Washington's first inauguration, was simply a social club of politicians of the old Federal school; it is now a political society of Democrats. The first hall was a wigwam-shaped hut, located near Hudson River; subsequently it was the second story of an old and rickety wooden rum-shop situated where the *Tribune* Office now stands; then a commonplace three-story dwelling-house, with a steep gable roof (altered in 1835 to a flat roof), located where the *Sun* Office now stands; now it is the handsome building which we illustrate on our front page, and which stands on Fourteenth Street near Third Avenue.

The associations connected with the old Tammany Hall will hardly follow the Society to its new home. The history of the Society, even before this recent migration, is not a coherent one. The original idea of the organization was to perpetuate the fame and principles of the Revolutionary patriots. Its name was due to a desire to distinguish it from associations imported from Europe. At its first public celebration in May, 1789, the members dressed in Indian costume, smoking the calumet and shrieking the war-whoop. In 1790 a delegation of Creek chiefs visited the Great Father, President Washington, at New York, and were received by the Tammany Society. On reaching the wigwam the red-skins were so delighted at the adoption of their Indian fashions that in their excitement they set up a genuine war-whoop. The spectators, who had assembled in great numbers, were able to stand the Tammany yells, but this real Indian war-whoop was too much for them, and they took to their heels. Among the Tammany Sachems present on this occasion were Governor George Clinton, Chief-Justice Jay, Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, and nearly all the leading Federalists of the city.

The Society about this time collected together a museum of Indian curiosities, which eventually passed into the hands of Mr. Barnum.

The Federalism of the Society soon died out, and the Jefferson style of Democracy took its place, but not until after a hard struggle in both National and State politics.

The old Tammany Hall was built in 1811, $28,000 having been subscribed for that purpose. During the second war with England the members of the Society went out in a body to throw up earth-works at Harlem and at Brooklyn Heights; and when Clay, Gallatin, and Adams returned with the peace treaty, Tammany gave them a grand reception. The nomination of Jackson for President created the wildest enthusiasm among the members of the Society, who were his strongest supporters. But they were not always on the winning side. The Bucktail movement for Tompkins, as Governor, against De Witt Clinton, was a complete failure. It was during this excitement that Halleck sang:

"There's a barrel of porter in Tammany Hall,
 And the Bucktails are swigging it all night long."

In 1835, Fanny Wright's peculiar doctrines

had created within the Society a strong body of agrarians or "Equal Rights" men, who, determined to have their own men nominated for State officers, took possession of the Hall before the big bugs got in, and carried the day. Their opponents turned off the gas, but they had come prepared for the emergency, each with a supply of matches, and within a minute after the sudden eclipse old Tammany was again in full blaze. The name of Loco Foco, applied to the matches used on this occasion, stuck to the Democratic party for the next twenty years.

While the greater portion of the members of Tammany have been Democrats, there have been regularly enrolled upon its books a large number of Anti-Masons, Whigs, Barnburners, Know Nothings, and Republicans. Thus the present Superintendent of our Police was for a long time one of the distinguished Sachems of the Society.

By the time this meets the eye of our readers the Democratic Convention will have assembled in the new Tammany Hall for the nomination of President. Will the new edifice be the symbol of a wholly reconstructed Democracy? or will the old Tammany organization and the old Democratic party there die together?

THE SCHUTZENFEST.

AMONG the customs prevailing in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and indeed all Central Europe, are those of the "Sangerfest" and "Schutzenfest." The Germans are very fond of music, and throughout every country in which they form a respectable proportion of the population they have organized "Sangerbunds" or "Singing Bands." Only less general and extended is the love of sharp-shooting among the same race, and there are few districts of the Fatherland where "Schutzenbunds" or "shooting bands" are not to be found. A large number of singing bands have been organized by the Germans in America, and we lately illustrated their "Sangerfest" or "Singing Festival" at Chicago. A number of "Schutzenbunds" have also been organized in this country, and the delegates from these are holding as we write a festival in New York city. Their shooting grounds near Jones's Wood will be found illustrated on pages 440 and 441.

This is the third annual festival of the Schutzenbund in America, and the largest ever held in this country. Delegates to the number of several hundred attended from a score or two of bands organized in the various parts of the country. The festival began on June 29 by a grand procession through the streets of New York to the shooting grounds. This was headed by General FRANZ SIGEL (distinguished in the late war), and embraced a large number of distinct organizations, formed in eight divisions. Representatives came from Holland, Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland. The prizes sent from the old country, and donated by bands and individuals in the United States, are too numerous to mention, but consist of every thing imaginable from a piano to a tin cup, and are valued at $30,000. There are gold watches and gold coin, silver watches and silver coin, silver tea-sets, goblets, and fancifully and artistically wrought cups, sewing-machines, rifles, music-boxes, wax-flowers, oil-paintings, telescopes, marine-glasses, a collection of lead-pencils, meerschaum pipes and cigar-holders of the same material, beautifully modeled parlor-inkstands of bronze, papier-mache, and vulcanized rubber; Japanese work-boxes, gold and silver medals, bills of exchange, certificates of deposit, orders for suits of clothing, for carpets, for cooking-ranges, and innumerable other things more or less valuable.

Every body was invited to come—a delegation visiting Washington for that purpose. The President—named more definitely in the report of the committee as "A Mr. JOHNSON" (probably a typographical error in the transposition of the title and the initial)—promised he would come; the Senate and House of Representatives appointed a committee of visitors; and the foreign representatives also took steps to see the sharp-shooters which their countries had reluctantly given to this.

The buildings at Jones's Wood represented in our engraving have been erected at a cost of over $40,000. A *Festhalle* has been built for this occasion. The shooting-stand is over three hundred feet in length, allowing for each target—fifty-six in number—six feet five inches, and the same room for each rifleman.

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR.

ON abandoning Magdala after its capture General NAPIER destroyed it. It was burned on April 17. The gates of the fortress were blown up with gunpowder; the artillery, with the exception of a few pieces as trophies of the campaign, was destroyed, and the place was rendered uninhabitable, nothing but a "scorched rock" remaining. This necessitated the exodus of the population, and their march down the mountain and through its defiles is the subject of our large engraving on pages 440 and 441. A correspondent with General NAPIER describes the remarkable scene in these words: "As the Hebrews crossed the desert, old and young, healthy and sick, slave and free, carrying their kneading-troughs and laden with all the articles of domestic life; some with mules and donkeys covered with baggage of all kinds; so were the people forming this vast exodus—men, women, and children, servants, asses, and mules—all laden with their worldly goods. Wounded chiefs were carried upon litters, while behind them might be seen their wives, who were wrapped in ample sheets, riding with their children. Warriors who had the good fortune not to come in contact with the Snider projectiles might have been seen striding along, their only weapon now being a long staff. With the men of this class it is the custom to wear round the neck a skin of either the sheep, the leopard, or the lion. Their hair is plaited in five thick rows over the head, and generally well buttered. Silks and rich-colored cloths were common, contrasting with the slight and simple clothing of those whose position was that of slaves or servants. It was impossible to estimate the numbers forming this mass; but I am informed that there were about 30,000, of whom about 7000 only were fighting men."

HINTS FROM INSECTS.

TO SCULPTORS.

THE epithet "egg-shaped" has no definiteness in entomology, for the eggs of insects may be flat, depressed, compressed, prismatic, angular, square, boat-shaped, etc. Some of these shapes would afford excellent hints to the designer, and their sculpturings frequently far outrival in elegance of design and delicacy of workmanship the engravings which we sometimes see on eggs brought from India and China. Some insect eggs, when seen through a microscope, remind one of the fine crustaceous shell of the sea-urchin; and in both we can not but admire the tasteful carving, the minute delicacy, and extraordinary regularity of the markings. The egg of the great tortoise-shell butterfly is shaped like a Florence flask, quite smooth and uniform; that of the meadow-brown butterfly is crowned at the upper end with sculptured work in the form of tiles or slates.

TO BUILDERS.

The principle of the arch, unknown to some of the ancient nations, might have been arrived at from an observation of the lackey moth, whose eggs are broader at the top than at bottom—like the arch-stones of a bridge—and are built together in the arched form round a twig of hawthorn. Being united together with strong cement they retain their form even when slipped off the branch, looking like a bracelet of pearls; and "bracelet" accordingly is the name given them by the French peasantry. Another moth, whose eggs are covered with down, arranges them in an elegant spiral form, as if a lady should wind one end of her fur tippet spirally round a branch. There is nothing of this kind, says Réaumur, which we ought to consider it difficult for an insect to execute, when we are acquainted with the admirable instruments with which Nature has furnished them. This spiral might have given Archimedes the hint for his famous screw, an instrument resembling the cork-screw now in use.

TO LIFE-BOAT MAKERS.

The most remarkable thing, however, relating to the disposal of insect eggs remains to be told. The common gnat lays its eggs on the water; and as they are heavy enough to sink if dropped into it one by one, the problem is to construct a boat-shaped raft which will float. The eggs are nearly of the pyramidal form of a pocket gunpowder-flask, rather pointed at the upper and broad at the under end, with a projection like the mouth of a bottle. The mother gnat glues together from 250 to 350 of these, which, being thus shaped into a boat, float on the water secure from sinking, and are finally abandoned by the mother. They are hatched in a few days, the grubs issuing from the lower end; but the boat, now composed of the empty shells, continues to float till it is destroyed by the weather. Kirby justly describes this little vessel as resembling "a London wherry, sharp and high, as sailors say, fore and aft, convex below, concave above, and always floating on its keel." Those who wish to see such a boat in course of construction have only to repair by five or six in the morning to a pond or bucket of water frequented by gnats, or to bring into their homes a basinful of water from an adjacent pond. The most violent agitation of the water can not sink this boat; and what is more extraordinary (let the makers of life-boats see to it), though hollow it never becomes filled with water, even though exposed. To put this to the test, Kirby placed half-a-dozen of these boats upon the surface of a tumbler half-full of water, and poured upon them a stream of that element from the mouth of a quart bottle held a foot above them. Yet after this treatment, which was so rough as actually to project one out of the glass, he found them floating as before upon their bottoms, and not a drop of water within their cavity.

TO SHIP-CARPENTERS.

Writing in 1802, Dean Paley relates that some years before a plan was suggested of producing propulsion by reaction, in the following way:—A stream of water was to be shot out of the stern of a boat, the impulse of which stream upon the water in the river was to push the boat forward. "It is also," he adds, "the principle by which sky-rockets ascend. Now, if naturalists are to be believed, this is exactly the device which Nature has made use of for the motion of some species of aquatic insects."

The larva of the dragon-fly, a little ugly monster with a great head and staring eyes, a reptile-shaped body, six hairy legs, and a sort of triple-pointed tail, is a curious piece of floating machinery illustrating this very principle. The apparent tail contains the mouth of an internal pump or piston, which regularly imbibes water and again ejects it, the jet serving to propel the creature through the water. To show more clearly the working of this engine, Mr. Rennie suggested that we should, by means of a glass tube, let down carefully a colored solution over the insect's tail. The colored liquid having been drawn in, is seen to be ejected in a stream which marks for several inches the wake of the larva upon the water.

TO DIVERS.

Another insect having business under water—namely, the caddis-worm, which covers itself with the tiny shells of young fresh-water mussels and snails, or with small stones and odds and ends of material—makes use of a water-proof cement, said to be superior to pozzolana, being indissoluble in the standing liquid.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following questions are suggested as being decidedly more practical than those usually asked of a student at a college examination:

What is your "Governor" worth, and how many times will he pay your debts?

Are you a good "drinkist," and how often do you give "a wine?"

Do you belong to the College Base-Ball Club? If so, state how many "Bats" you have had since you joined.

Where do you buy your tobacco, and how does your meerschaum color?

Are you a boating man? If so, how many rows have you been in?

Have you ever been "on," as a supernumerary at the Opera, and who is your favorite in the White Fawn?

Give us your idea of the nobbiest thing in hats.

Can you tie the nautical knot in your neck-tie in five minutes by a stop watch?

Ever been in the Station House?

Who builds your clothes, and how much do you owe him?

Ever do any thing with the pasteboards? If so, what's your little game?

What's the "best thing for a man in the morning," and where do you get it?

Have you studied the libretto of *La Grande Duchesse* enough to laugh in the right place, and were you ever introduced to Tostee?

Where is the best place for "a fellow to get his boots?"

Have you arrived at the age of 19? If so, what is your idea of women from that matured stand-point?

Where is the best place for a man to dine?

Have you ever studied any thing since you were in college?

If you wish me to say
What I think of "Foul Play"
In a very few words I can do so;
It is only a hash
Made of very hard cash,
Spiced up with Old Robinson Crusoe.

A MAKE-SHIFT—A sewing machine.

"GREAT REDUCTION IN TEAS"—Exactly; and that's the mischief of it. We don't want the teas reduced; they're poor enough already. If there is to be any reduction, let it be in the prices.

A Hartford four-year-old saw his parents preparing for church and asked them to take him with them. He was told that he was too little and must wait till he should grow bigger. "Well," returned he, "you'd better take care of me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go." They saw the point; he was taken.

A "FREE AGENT"—One who goes off with his employer's money.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Being smothered with kisses.

BORES.

Old gents who sit down in an editor's sanctum and read newspapers to him.
Mothers who force disinterested people to notice their children.
Ladies who crowd you out of your seat in the stage or cars.
Squalling babies in railroad cars.
A young gentleman fresh from college.
A man that reads his poetry to you.
A pair of lovers.
A man that wants to borrow money from you.
Creditors of every description.
Wives who make you go to church with them.
Mosquitoes and newsboys.
The man who sits down at your desk.
The man who reads all the newspapers but never buys one.

MEN OF FEELING—Pickpockets.

An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whisky for a younger warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. "Four quarts!" repeated the agent, with surprise, "as much as that?" "Yes," replied the Indian, "four quarts—snake very big."

THE PACK THAT KILLS.—The faster a man starts in life the sooner he gets into a hobble.

A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike every body dead who tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be any body left."

QUITE RIGHT—Ladies can smoke if they chews.

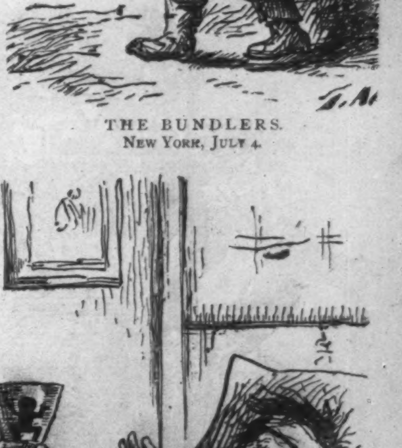
A country youth, who desired to know how to become rich, sent a quarter in answer to an advertisement and received the following valuable recipe: "Increase your receipts and decrease your expenditures. Work eighteen hours a day, and live on hash and oatmeal gruel."

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Augur of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, Sir. I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

"Think'st thou thyself the only fair
On earth?" to Eve the Tempter said;
And to the tranquil river there
Her artless steps deceiving led.
Her own bright image on its mirror shining,
A rival thus she deemed, and fled repining!

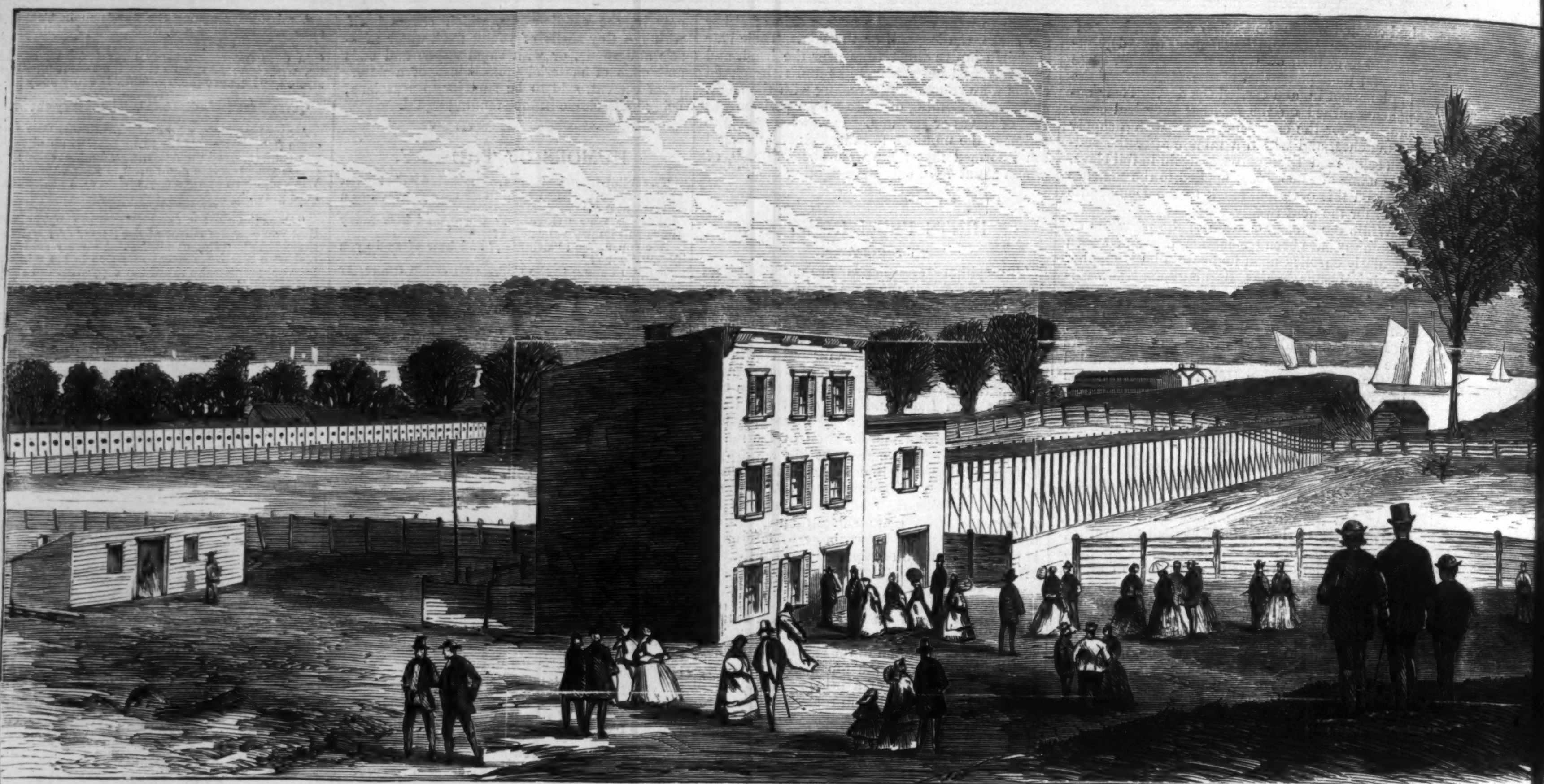
A dandy, ordering a pair of pantaloons of his tailor, said he wanted them very tight, according to the latest fashion. "If I can get them on," said he, "I won't take them."

THE CARPET-BAGGERS.
CHICAGO, MAY 20.



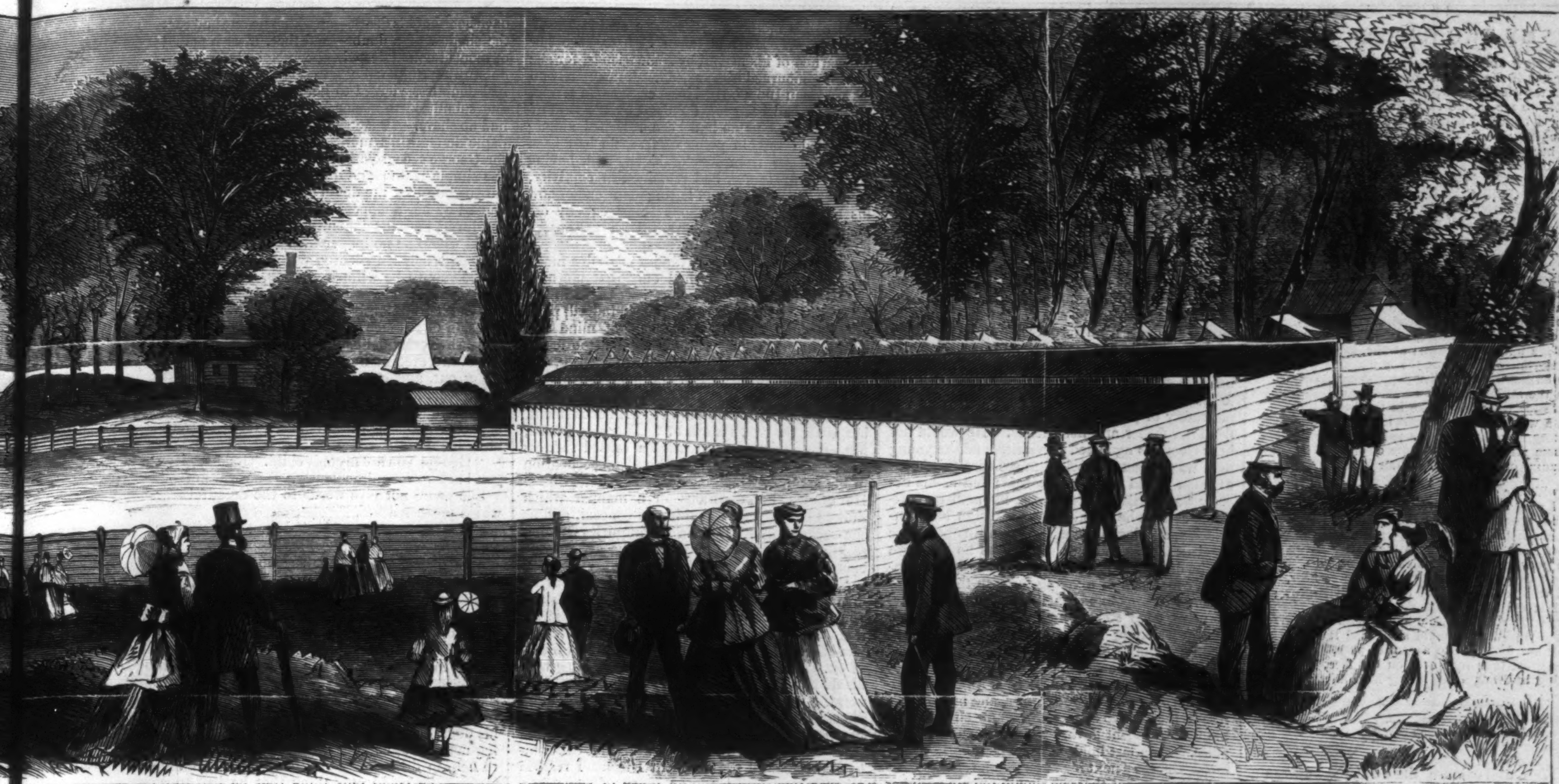
THE BUNDLERS.
NEW YORK, JULY 4.

SICKLY DEMOCRAT.
"Oh! must I Swallow him Whole, Doctor Chase?"

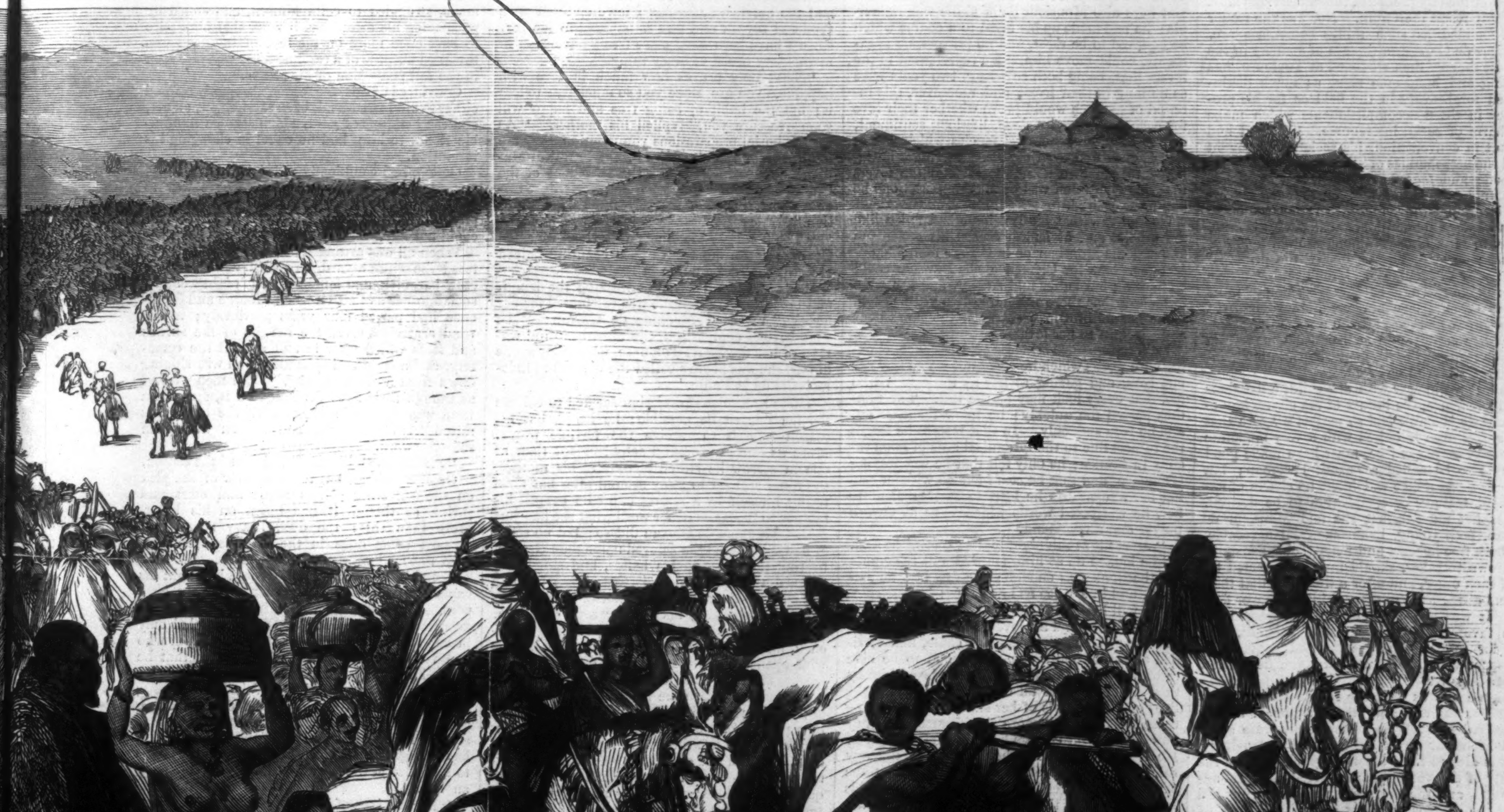


HALL AND SHOOTING GROUNDS OF THE SCHU

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR—EXODUS OF KING THEODORE'S BROKEN ARMY



ZENBUND AT JONES'S WOOD, NEW YORK CITY.



RMY FROM MAGDALA AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION.—[See Page 439.]

MY TWO GENIUSES.

ONE is a slow and melancholy maid:
I know not if she cometh from the skies,
Or from the sleepy gulfs, but she will rise
Often before me in the twilight shade
Holding a bunch of poppies, and a blade
Of springing wheat: prostrate my body lies
Before her on the turf, the while she ties
A fillet of the weed about my head;
And in the gaps of sleep I seem to hear
A gentle rustle like the stir of corn,
And words like odors thronging to my ear:
"Lie still, beloved, still until the morn:
Lie still with me upon this rolling sphere,
Still till the judgment—thou art faint and worn."

The other meets me in the public throng:
Her hair streams backward from her loose attire;
She hath a trumpet and an eye of fire;
She points me downward steadily and long—
"There is thy grave—arise, my son, be strong!
Hands are upon thy crown; awake, aspire
To immortality: heed not the lyre
Of the enchantress, nor her poppy-song;
But in the stillness of the summer calm,
Tremble for what is godlike in thy being.
Listen a while, and thou shalt hear the psalm
Of victory sung by creatures past thy seeing;
And from far battle-fields there comes the neighing
Of dreadful onset, though the air is balm."

Maid with the poppies, must I let thee go?
Alas! I may not; thou art likewise dear;
I am but human, and thou hast a tear,
When she hath naught but splendor, and the glow
Of a wild energy that mocks the flow
Of the poor sympathies which keep us here.
Lay past thy poppies, and come twice as near,
And I will teach thee, and thou too shalt grow;
And thou shalt walk with me in open day
Through the rough thoroughfares with quiet grace;
And the wild-visaged maid shall lead the way,
Timing her footsteps to a gentler pace,
As her great orbs turn ever on thy face,
Drinking in draughts of loving help alway.

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

I.

IN 17—, at Toulouse, there existed between a Monsieur de Garran and the family of Monsieur de la Faille so great an intimacy that the worthy gossips of the city predicted that a marriage must inevitably result therefrom. Nor was the rumor so ill-founded as such things sometimes are. Monsieur de Garran, a captain of artillery in the —— Regiment, then stationed at Toulouse, was a young and handsome man, as much distinguished for bravery in the field as for his proficiency in those accomplishments which make the charm of social intercourse. Talented and brilliant in conversation, his society was sought by all the best families of Toulouse and its neighborhood; and *that* fact alone was a certificate of his unblemished descent; for in Toulouse, especially at that time, four generations of noble ancestors were not considered sufficient to entitle a man to rank himself among the old nobility. Monsieur de la Faille was one of the principal magistrates of Toulouse. Timid and cautious by temperament and habit, he was, like most persons of similar character, immovable as a rock when he had once formed a resolution; and his birth, wealth, and social position made him as much respected as his gentle ingratiating manners caused him to be loved.

He was a widower with one child, a daughter called Clémence, the beauty of the city. Mademoiselle de la Faille had so perfect a figure that that alone, even if united with a very moderate amount of beauty of face, must have made good her title to be called a beautiful woman; but Clémence had a face which left no charm of expression, feature, or complexion to be desired. It was but natural that she and Monsieur de Garran, both young, handsome, and agreeable, and both free in heart and fancy, being constantly thrown together, should first be attracted toward each other, and after a time find that their mutual attraction had merged into a deeper feeling. It was so; and every thing seemed for once favorable—birth, fortune, position, and age, for French girls are married young, and Clémence was fifteen, while George de Garran was twenty-five.

George was as welcome to the father as the daughter, and assumed all the rights of an accepted suitor. All his leisure hours were spent with Monsieur de la Faille and his daughter; he was always their escort in public, where the beauty of the young pair attracted universal admiration, and the marriage was looked forward to by the citizens as a sort of public festival, of which all augured all manner of good. George had a widowed mother residing in Paris, and the only thing wanting to complete his happiness was the fact that she was still unacquainted with his attachment. He had not the smallest doubt of her consent, for he was her only child, and his happiness was her first object; but Monsieur de la Faille placed great stress on the importance of her formal approbation of the union, and George, having first deferred communicating the affair to her until he should be quite certain of his success with Clémence and her father, had afterward chosen to delay acquainting her with it till he could procure leave of absence, and tell his story in person. This leave was at length obtained, and the happy lover, sure of his future, took leave of his betrothed and her father one evening, with the understanding that he was to leave Toulouse early next morning, and not return until he brought either the fullest tokens of his mother's approval or be accompanied by herself, if her health should permit her to undertake the journey. Full of joy and hope, George returned to his hotel, and there he was met by an urgent and peremptory order to proceed without the delay of an unnecessary hour with his regiment to India.

Great was the surprise of Clémence and her father to see George reappear next morning; the girl read evil tidings in his face before he had time to utter a word, and when he had spoken the news fell like a thunder-bolt on the hearts of his hearers. Clémence was like one distracted, George was himself too wretched to make any attempt at consoling her, and Monsieur de la Faille sat in a sort of stupor looking on at the misery of his child and her lover, and almost as unhappy as they. Some time passed thus, but George, who knew that every moment was precious, was the first to regain some degree of self-possession, and pleaded his cause with all the eloquence of a full heart. He urged piteously for an immediate marriage, and that his wife should go with him, if she would consent to such a sacrifice for his sake; but Monsieur de la Faille, who had by this time recovered the use of his faculties, gently but firmly silenced Clémence's passionate assent to this appeal, and would not for a moment listen to a proposal which would separate him so suddenly from his only child, and send her, so young and inexperienced, thousands of leagues from her native land to a climate which was then believed to be nothing less than fatal, and exposed to the probability of either being left a widow without safety or protector, or of herself dying so far from her father and her friends. He would not hear George's agonized entreaties, and the young man was at last compelled to see that *this* hope, at least, would never be realized; but as his despair was fertile in expedients, his next proposition was that he should at once resign his commission, and leave the army. On this point the magistrate was quite as decided as he had been on the first. He argued that it was only the temporary madness of a young lover in the first anguish of disappointed hope—he would not sanction any such step; and to guarantee himself against seeming to do so, he declared that if George voluntarily forfeited his career he must also forfeit Clémence; he (Monsieur de la Faille) would never consent to incur such a responsibility in the eyes of George's family, and he was sure that in the time to come George himself would be the first to repent having yielded to such an impulse. As a last hold on her whom he so dearly loved, George's next idea was that he should marry Clémence, but that she should remain with her father until her husband's return, which was expected to take place in two years at the utmost. But here also Monsieur de la Faille was inflexible; he had made up his mind to a course which he believed to be right, and no prayers, no arguments, could move him. He represented to the lovers that, being both so young, two years were as nothing in their lives; and, moreover, this interval of absence would prove whether their love for each other were a deep, life-long sentiment, or one of those ephemeral fancies which end in indifference and even dislike. In short, he labored to convince both himself and the lovers that this separation was of all things the one he had most desired.

George saw that his last hope had failed like the others, and at length ceased his endeavors to overcome Monsieur de la Faille's manifold objections. As for Clémence, she saw she could do nothing but suffer and submit, and she tried to believe that those miserable two years would make her faithful love so much the more dear and precious to her lover.

George remained seated near Clémence, choking with words which he *could* not say to any ear but hers, and gazing at her as those look who feel that every look may be the last. The minutes passed too quickly; he knew he *must* go, and he rose suddenly. In that instant he forgot the respect due to the tyrannical laws of good society in France; he only felt that he was leaving Clémence, and that he *could* not go without seeing her alone. As he bent to say "Adieu" to her, he whispered words which were at once a prayer and a command.

"Meet me at midnight in the garden," he said.

She looked up at him, startled and reluctant; but that look was enough; she saw how he suffered, and in a voice as low as his:

"I will be there," she answered.

Night came, and the lovers met at the appointed time and place. Clémence came, half terrified at so unusual a step, yet proud to be able to prove to George how dearly she loved him by this one defiance of all the laws which rule the lives of French girls of her station; and in 17—those laws had still more significance than they now have. But George had had time to reflect. He felt as though he should go mad did any thing occur to prevent the meeting, but at the same time he trembled at having tempted his innocent love to this act; for he knew well that Clémence would be ruined for his sake, in the opinion of the world, did any bird of the air betray the secret of her assignation with him.

In silence they met, and, hand clasped in hand, they for some time forgot in the joy of being together that they were about to part. It was a glorious night, a bright moon was high in the heavens, and there was no sound but the faint rustle of the wind in the long wreaths of honeysuckle which hung from the topmost boughs of the old tree beneath which they sat.

It is needless to recapitulate their sorrowful parting words. A thousand times they swore to be faithful forever through all the chances and changes of life; they arranged to think of each other, and pray together in spirit at certain hours of the night and day, forgetting, poor souls, that the day of one country would be the night of the other.

The moment of parting came, and for the first time George pressed his lips to those of his betrothed.

"Oh, George!" she said, "if I were dead your kisses would restore me to life." And with these singular words, destined to be afterward remembered, they separated.

II.

Four years had passed from that sorrowful night, when George, who had just landed at Brest, at once took the road to Paris, and arrived at his mother's house there on the 5th of June, 17—. He had taken care to have her forewarned of his arrival by some friends, for she had long mourned him as dead. Immediately on his arrival in India he had been engaged in action, where he had been left for dead on the field of battle, and his name had been returned among the killed; but, in point of fact, he had been only senseless from loss of blood, and, having been made prisoner, had remained in captivity, without the possibility of letting his friends know his condition, and of course being equally debarred from all home news, till an unforeseen chance had enabled him to escape.

One may easily imagine the joy of such a meeting. The poor mother had only that morning received the news that her son was still alive; and now he was in her arms, wasted indeed, pale, haggard, and worn with sickness of mind and body, but still alive. Words seemed too feeble to express the mother's gratitude to Heaven, and her dim eyes were full of the painful tears of age.

George himself was exhausted with excitement, but, after the first tumult of feeling was passed, Madame de Garran remarked a settled sadness in her son's face, and a profound preoccupation in his manner, which filled her with uneasiness. He evaded her questions in a manner which showed her he had something to conceal, and as she became more urgent in her inquiries George, seeing that she was really unhappy, avowed the cause of his depression.

"You will think it a childish folly, unworthy of a man and a soldier," he said; "but since you think there must be some serious cause for a melancholy I can not shake off I prefer telling you the truth. To-day, as I passed the Church of St. Germain-des-Prés, I saw it all hung with black, and decorated as if for some splendid funeral. I know it is a thing one may see often enough, but it made me faint and ill, and I can not get rid of the shuddering horror it caused me. No reasoning I bring to bear on it can combat the dreadful presentiment I feel. I read in all that mournful pomp an omen of some fatal misfortune. Ah, you smile; but, mother, I have been more than three years in hopeless captivity, and the horrible sufferings I have endured have rendered sorrow and fear so habitual to me that since I have been once more free I have been in momentary dread of every thing."

"That only proves how much in love with happiness you are, since you so much fear to lose it; but the habit of being free and happy will soon reassure you," replied his mother. "As for the burial preparations you mention, they are doubtless for the obsequies of the beautiful Madame de Servins, wife of the President of the Chamber of Subsidies, who died yesterday, after a short illness of scarcely three days' duration."

"The *beautiful* Madame de Servins," repeated George; "she must have been beautiful indeed to merit that designation in Paris."

"Not only in Paris, but through the length and breadth of France she was celebrated for her beauty," returned Madame de Garran; "she was, beyond comparison, the most beautiful woman of her day. At Toulouse, when they spoke of her, she was always called the beautiful Mademoiselle de la Faille."

This unconscious revelation seemed to George too horrible to be possible; he heard, but his reason refused to receive the terrible words. More as one in profound astonishment than as one in sorrow he stared blankly at his mother, the room seemed to sway around him, but mastering himself by a strong effort he begged his mother to repeat word for word what she had just said. Madame de Garran did so; but no sooner had she uttered the beloved name than George, beating the air with his hands, and staggering forward a few paces, fell senseless at her feet like one who has just received a mortal blow. Terrified and shocked, his mother bent over him. A livid paleness covered his face, his limbs stiffened, and his breathing was suspended; but his wide-opened eyes were still fixed on his mother's face. There is little doubt that death or madness must have been the result of the shock had not Nature relieved the pent-up tempest of grief by a passion of sobs and cries, which, when it at length abated, left the young man as weak as a child but calm and composed. Madame de Garran was a woman of strong common-sense and quick perceptions, and during all her efforts to restore and quiet her son her mind had been busied with the circumstances which had led to his sudden seizure. Reading the past by the light of the present she remembered her son's prolonged residence in Toulouse, and recognized it as certain that he must have known and admired Mademoiselle de la Faille. His overpowering emotion showed that he must have loved her deeply, and his love had probably been unfortunate, else why had she, his mother, been left in ignorance of it? Absorbed in her reflections, and less apprehensive as to her son, who was lying quietly on the couch on which she had had him laid, she was recalled to herself by feeling George's hand laid on her own.

"Forgive me, mother," he said, "for having so alarmed and troubled you on the very day of my return; but this woman, of whose death you have told me—she was my first and only love, and in the same breath I hear of her falsehood and her death. Oh, Clémence, if for one hour during all those weary years of captivity I had forgotten you, I should hold myself as fitly punished now; but no, not an hour, not a minute; you were ever before me; and after all it was for the wife of another man that I was eating my heart out in vain regrets."

By slow degrees Madame de Garran learned all she wished to know; and she applied herself to soothe and comfort him, rather for the faithlessness than for the death of Clémence. She represented to him that Clémence must of course have heard of his death—on which no one had cast the shadow of a doubt—and that, after a period of mourning and despair, the wretched girl, without any hope of happiness in this world for herself, had doubtless yielded to her father's commands, and submitted to a marriage in which her heart had no share. In fact, the arguments which Madame de Garran's motherly ingenuity put forth for George's consolation contained nothing but the simple truth; and quite as true was her last supposition that the death of Clémence had been caused by her unappeasable grief for the loss of her lover, and the inability she felt to live in a world where he no longer was.

George listened silently, not as one who feels his sorrow to be without redress, but rather as one who revolves some extraordinary project. His mother anxiously watched every varying expression of his face; but she could read nothing there save calm deliberation.

Toward evening he announced his intention of going out, and she saw him fill his purse with gold. She looked on in silence, although beyond measure uneasy, until he kissed her forehead and bade her good-night. Then she laid her trembling hand on his arm:

"George, you are my only child. God has given you back to me miraculously. You will not—"

She could not give words to the dreadful fear which possessed her.

"No, mother," he said; "do not fear *that* for me. I believe in another life."

And giving her time to say no more, he left the house.

Darkness was falling as George rapidly took the road to St. Germain-des-Prés, where, having arrived, he learned from the beadle the cemetery where Madame de Servins was buried. It was not far from the church, and George soon reached it, and aroused the grave-digger, who lived in a solitary cottage close to the inclosure. The man was awakened by loud and repeated knocks at his door, and when he saw a distinguished-looking man, who, without loss of time, ordered him to help in disinterring the body of Madame de Servins, he could only think that he had to do with a madman, and endeavored to pacify him. But George, who saw the impression he had made, struggled to calm himself, and ended by persuading his astonished listener that his desire to look once more on the face of the dead was the fixed purpose of a resolute and desperate man in the full possession of his senses.

Convinced of this, the sexton absolutely refused either to aid in or permit of so sacrilegious an act, and the handfuls of gold, which seemed illimitable riches to him, had no effect in changing his resolution.

George had confidently relied on his cupidity, and finding himself mistaken, he gave way to such a paroxysm of grief, that by force of the pity which he inspired he gained what his gold could not buy.

When all was arranged between them they entered the church-yard, provided with a spade, crow-bar, pick, and lantern. The night was just such another as that on which George and Clémence had parted four years previously; a soft wind scarcely moved the boughs of the shrubs and trees which grew in and around the cemetery, and a calm and splendid moon was shining down from a cloudless sky. Both men worked as though their lives depended on it, and not a word was spoken by either until the coffin was raised from the grave and lay on the green smooth sward.

"Shall I break it open?" whispered the sexton.

George nodded, but the first blow of the pick on the shivering planks made him start and shrink as though it had fallen on his heart. More than this: the dull, heavy sound had aroused some dogs in the neighborhood, and their furious barkings filled the air.

Trembling in every limb, George besought his companion to separate the boards with the least possible noise and violence. The old man obeyed, and very soon the body of Clémence, clad only in her white shroud, lay at the feet of him who had violated the sanctity of the grave that he might look yet once again on her face.

The sexton sat on the brink of the grave, wiping the heavy drops from his forehead and looking at George, who, almost as motionless as the dead, seemed to have lost all idea of the purpose which had brought him there. The grave-digger spoke to him several times without having received any answer.

"For the love of Heaven, Sir," he said at last, in an agony of terror, "look at the lady, as you said you wished to do. Some one may come, and as it is, we shall have daybreak on us before we can get her put back again, and all made right."

Still no reply from George; and the man, more terrified every moment, stretched out his hand, and snatched away the embroidered kerchief which covered the dead face. The sight of that face, so perfect in its marble purity and stillness, acted like magic. George fell on his knees, and raising the dead woman in his arms, supported the icy head on his breast, and bending over it, he poured forth in burning words the love and despair that filled him. Memories of their happy past came from his trembling lips, mingled with lamentations for the ruin of their hopes, and his own lonely and wretched future. His delirium, so far from exhausting itself, seemed to gain strength every moment, and the solitary spectator of this strange scene became half frantic with anxiety and fear.

All at once, like a lightning-flash through this storm of grief, came the remembrance of the last words which those cold lips had whispered to him. And in the frantic transport of a hope still more frantic, George pressed the dead form closer to him, and kissed her lips again and again. Then, with a sudden cry, he leaped to his feet, threw one wild look around, and fled with his prize.

He had already disappeared behind the tall tombs and the masses of shrubs, before the sexton had strength or presence of mind to follow; and when the old man had reached the gates of the inclosure pursuit was useless. Halting and breathless, he paused to look and listen, and saw George far away, rushing down the silent road, the white shroud of Clémence gleaming in the moonlight.

"A bad night's work for me!" he muttered. "One might as well follow a tiger with his prey."

And as all the probable consequences of what had been done came crowding on his mind now that he regarded discovery as certain, he thought it scarcely worth while to take any trouble toward effacing the marks of violence *within* the church-yard, so convinced did he feel that the flying madman and his horrid burden would ere long be captured, and of course betray all. He sat down on the dewy ground prostrate with fatigue, and nearly desperate; but as an hour or two passed without any further disturbance, and all was quiet as the dead who were lying around him, the old man began to think that there was at least no use in betraying himself; discovery might not come after all, and if it should he would try what his word could do against that of one who was certainly insane; so, gathering himself up, he returned to the grave, replaced the broken coffin, filled up the grave, and made all smooth and orderly once more. The sun was high before he had finished, but at length all was done, and the sexton returned to his solitary cottage to await the course of events.

III.

It was the fifth anniversary of Clémence's burial, and Monsieur de Servins, according to his annual custom, knelt beside the tomb which he had had erected to her memory. At some distance, covertly watching him, stood the sexton, half remorseful that the faithful mourner should expend so much grief over an empty grave, and half exultant that the secret had never transpired. A slight noise aroused both Monsieur de Servins and the grave-digger from their respective reveries, and they saw a young and lovely woman, whose long silken drapery brushing the sward had caused the sound which had attracted them. Themselves unseen by her, they watched her rapid approach. Monsieur de Servins knelt for a moment as if turned to stone, and then with a wild cry he leaped up and rushed toward the lady, in whom beyond all doubt he recognized his lost and deeply-mourned wife. The lady started back at the sound, and at the sudden apparition each stood motionless for a less space of time than suffices to record that they did so; but short as the time was, Monsieur de Servins not only had from it the assurance that he looked on Clémence herself, but also that she recognized him. White and wild with terror, she stood an instant, and then turned and fled, pursued by her husband, who was no match for her in fleetness and lightness of foot. He only came in sight of the gate in time to see the lady spring into a handsome carriage, which immediately dashed off at the full speed of two fiery horses. The equipage was already out of sight before Monsieur de Servins reached the entrance; but there he found his footman and coachman, who, having put up his own carriage at an inn not far distant, had returned to await their master's pleasure. The men had not failed to note the splendid carriage of the strange lady, nor her own beauty, and they were able to give their master all the details he needed respecting the horses, liveries, and style of the whole thing, which they declared to be evidently quite new, and utterly unknown to them; they added that the servants were negroes, and appeared not to understand French. Monsieur de Servins, having possessed himself of this information, thought he could do nothing better than return and question the sexton; but the latter lay in convulsions on the ground, and with the assistance of the servants he was raised and carried to his house, a physician was sent for, but in another hour the man was dead, without having had a moment of consciousness.

Monsieur de Servins waited till the fixed stillness of death had replaced the hideous contortions of the final struggle, and then he returned to Paris without further delay. He at once sought his friend the lieutenant-general of police, to whom he told his strange story, and before nightfall he was made aware that the carriage he had seen was that of Monsieur de Garran, an officer high in repute for bravery, honor, and wealth, and who had but quite recently returned from India. Next day there was an official examination of Clémence's grave, where the empty and broken coffin gave a coloring of truth to a tale which the lieutenant-general had been inclined to look on as a hallucination of his friend's deep and lasting grief.

On the day of the luckless encontre Madame Julie de Garran, a young and most beautiful woman whom George had married in India, returned from her daily drive in a state of agitation which attracted the attention of her servants. Her first inquiry was for her husband, and, finding that he was at home, she hurried to his apartment, where she remained for a long time alone with him. They reappeared together, and though very pale, she had recovered her ordinary calm, and for fifteen days matters went on as usual. This interval was employed by Monsieur de Servins to the best advantage; the unfortunate young pair were surrounded by spies, and their most insignificant words and actions were noted and reported.

The minister of war readily furnished the date of George's return from captivity, as well as that of his equally unlooked-for departure so soon afterward. The postillion who had driven him to Brest on the last occasion was hunted up, and certified that the officer had been accompanied by a lady closely veiled and wrapped up, who seemed to be a confirmed invalid. Next came an examination of the passenger-list of the ship in which George had sailed, and the chain of evidence seemed so far perfect in every link. Monsieur de Servins, armed with these proofs, instituted a suit against Monsieur de Garran, and the very peculiar nature of the case excited public interest to an extreme degree. The medical profession entered heart and soul into the question; one party wrote pamphlets to prove that lethargy has frequently simulated death to the point of causing a still living person to be buried, while the other side as warmly maintained that it was not possible that life could be restored after the body had been buried for fourteen hours, as had been the case in this instance. Authorities were consulted and minute calculations made, and each party maintained its own view of the case.

The first hearing of the cause brought Monsieur de Garran himself before the public. He declared that at the first sight of his wife he had been startled by her strong resemblance to Mademoiselle de la Faille, and even yet he said it sometimes struck him forcibly, although not (he added) to the point of making him so mad as to imagine that they could possibly be one and the same. He gave his words such an accent of truth and reason, and so pointed his speech by a pitying glance at his excited opponent, that few doubted that Monsieur de Servins had indeed lost his reason, and all felt sure that the strange scene must end at once.

Nevertheless, the cause came on for hearing before the courts, and Madame de Garran, who during the preliminary steps had been permitted to remain in retirement, was compelled to appear and answer the questions put to her. On being confronted with Monsieur de Servins, she maintained the utmost composure consistent with the astonishment she displayed at his persisting in his story, and the energy with which she repudiated it. Monsieur de la Faille, summoned from Toulouse, was quite overcome by the sight of a woman so closely resembling his lost child, and who yet so coldly denied all knowledge of him. The perplexed judges looked at each other, while Madame de Garran quite simply and calmly told the story of her life. She had been born at Pondicherry, of parents of French extraction, Monsieur and Madame de Merval, who had left her an orphan while still a child. She had then become the ward of a gentleman and lady of wealth and position, from whose house she had been married to Colonel de Garran. She had never been in France till she accompanied her husband thither; and in support of these statements she produced the baptismal and marriage certificates of Mademoiselle Julie de Merval, as well as several other papers and letters, which seemed to establish her identity beyond dispute.

When she had finished there was but one opinion, and that favorable to her and her husband, in the minds of her judges. This day terminated all the pleadings on both sides; but as the French are cautious in their legal proceedings, it was decided that judgment should not be delivered for twenty-four hours, during which time all parties should be kept under strict surveillance. The solemn day of the final decision found all assembled; a clear and rapid summary of the case was stated, and it was evident that the balance of opinion was strongly in favor of ridding Monsieur and Madame de Garran of the singular persecution directed against them.

At this juncture Monsieur de Servins left the court, and immediately returned, leading by the hand a beautiful child of seven years old. Madame de Garran, screened by her advocate, Monsieur de Moizas, from the eager eyes of the audience, and still further shaded by the hand on which her head rested, failed to notice the coming of her enemy; but all at once she felt a little soft hand clasp hers, and a sweet, childish voice said:

"Ah, mamma! dear mamma! will you not kiss me!"

She started, looked wildly at the child which clung to her, and then she clasped it in her arms and covered it with tears and kisses.

The wife and daughter had resisted successfully, but the mother betrayed herself. From this moment the proceedings took a new turn. Speaking for his clients, Monsieur de Moizas admitted that the dead and the living women were the same, but, in the name of the law, demanded the formal dissolution of a hateful marriage, already annulled by death.

"Do not," he said, addressing Monsieur de Servins, "do not ask the grave to restore to you the prey which you so willingly resigned to it. Leave the living, loving woman to him who, pursuing her into the embrace of death, has restored her to life and love; she belongs to him alone. If, unfortunately, she should die before you, you might with some show of justice press a claim to her dead body, for that alone belongs to you."

The court of justice became a clamorous scene of jarring opinions and feverish excitement; but when at length some semblance of quiet was restored, it was decreed that in three days Madame de Servins should return to her lawful husband.

Clémence, rising, confessed the truth, but at the same time declared that her repugnance to Monsieur de Servins had always been extreme, and that she could never live with him as his wife. She implored permission to retire into a convent, since she must leave the man whom alone she could regard as her husband. But her prayer was refused, and she returned for the last time to her ruined home, where during the three days she was to be closely watched.

Monsieur de Servins, surrounded by his most important relations, awaited the return of his wife in the state saloon of his magnificent house. At the specified hour a carriage entered the court, steps were heard, and Madame de Servins was announced. A white figure entered the saloon; it was Clémence, clad in the shroud in which she had been buried, and her face was cold and white as her drapery. She tottered forward till she reached her husband, and then fell at his feet.

"Take back that to which alone you have any right," she said, in a scarcely intelligible voice.

They raised her, and tried to bring back warmth and life, but this time she was beyond the reach of earthly aid. She and George had taken poison before their dreadful parting. George had been discovered by his mother, but all her efforts only sufficed to prolong his life till the next day.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Reports begin to arrive from watering-places and country resorts. A few hot summer days have sent many disgusted denizens of the metropolis in search of shady nooks and cooling breezes. Some have gone for a day or a week, and some for the season. Some find themselves caged in close attic rooms ten degrees hotter than their city domiciles; some enjoy the rustic freedom of country farm-houses; some luxuriate in the costly hotels of fashionable watering-places, and others still experience a modicum of home-comfort in a tiny summer cottage, wherein, perhaps, they make-believe keep house, or while living in a house by themselves, take their meals at a neighboring hotel. This latter method has many advantages. A gentleman from this city, who has retired with his family for rest and recreation to one of the wildest and most romantic spots on the banks of the Hudson, gives a somewhat humorous sketch of his summer cottage and its attendant advantages.

"Our cottage," he says, "is in area about equal in size to a large New York parlor—that is to say, about fifteen feet broad and forty long. In the front it is a one-story cottage—in the rear it is a two-story mansion. We have the advantage of usually entering by the rear, and of considering the hotels, which are behind us, as our out-buildings. The careless and superficial observer would at first surmise that this cottage contained three principal rooms with a nondescript down-stairs, half kitchen, half cellar, and three cubby-holes under the roof. He would be right as to the nondescript—not otherwise. Our accommodations consist of three suites of apartments, as follows: 1. Study, Library, and Willie's Bedroom. 2. Ella's Bedroom, Eddy's Bedroom, and Nursery. 3. Our Bedroom, Mrs. C.'s Boudoir, Reception-room, and Parlor. These apartments are all indicated on the annexed ground plan. A photographic view presents the front of the house as it will look when all the trees and bushes are cut down, and the grass rooted up. My apparatus don't take vegetation." [We are obliged to omit the view and plan, but give the explanation of the plan, which will be intelligible by itself.]

"First Suite of Rooms: S. Study, *i.e.* Table.—L. Library, *i.e.* Cupboard with Books.—W. Willie's Bedroom, *i.e.* Bed.

"Second Suite of Rooms: E. Ella's Bedroom, *i.e.* Bed.—Ed. Eddy's Bedroom, *i.e.* Bed.—The remainder is Nursery.

"Third Suite of Rooms: B. Bedroom, *i.e.* Bed.—Bo. Mrs. C.'s Boudoir, *i.e.* Sewing Machine.—R. Reception-room, *i.e.* Porch.—P. Parlor, *i.e.* Rocking-chair.

"The general advantages of the location are extraordinary. A ravine in the immediate proximity gives the children a fine opportunity for ground and lofty tumbling. Willie rolled from the top to the bottom to-day, landing in the brook, and he expresses the opinion that the roll was so entirely satisfactory that he will not want another all summer. The aforesaid brook furnishes admirable facilities for fishing, without any of that injury to the finer feelings of our nature which seems to be incident to the spot where the brook contains any fish. The grove by which the house is surrounded is full of rare and valuable game. I have already killed three large spiders, and Willie has brought up his musket in anticipation of great sport in musket-o shooting when the *mosquitoes* come. They have adopted, too, an admirable method of awakening guests who sleep out of the hotel. They blow up a powder-mill. At least they did this morning, and it served the purpose of a rising-bell excellently."

We forbear to make more extended quotations lest, in view of such attractive advantages, there be a dangerous rush out of the city for summer cottages on the Hudson and elsewhere.

Ever since the 1st of June squibs, crackers, and torpedoes have been in the hands of delighted urchins, who have manifested their patriotism by mischievous attempts to jar the nerves of all sensitive old folks and skittish horses. But all the past is nothing compared to what the "glorious Fourth" will bring. Nervous people will find it trying; for really there is no place of refuge from noise and confusion, unless perhaps it be the Central Park, whose precincts are kept inviolate.

What qualifications are necessary for one seeking admission to West Point Academy as a cadet is a question often asked, and the matter is one of general interest. Applications for admission can be made at any time by letter to the Secretary of War, accompanied by a statement of the exact age, residence, and the number of the Congressional District in which the applicant lives. Appointments are usually made a year in advance of the date of admission, thus giving ample time for preparation for the examination. Candidates must be over 17 and under 22 years of age at the time of entrance into the military Academy; but any person who has served honorably not less than one year in the army of the United States, during the war for the suppression of the rebellion, shall be eligible for appointment up to the age of 24 years. Cadets must be at least five feet in height, and free from any deformity, disease, or infirmity which would render them unfit for the military service. They must be able to read and write well, and perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the fundamental rules of arithmetic. They will also be required to have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography, particularly of America, and of the History of the United States. The candidate must also write a fair and legible hand, without material mistakes in spelling. Failing in any of these particulars he will be rejected. Every successful applicant for appointment is, soon after his arrival at West Point, subjected to a rigid examination by an experienced Medical Board, and should there be found to exist in him any such causes of disqualification as will at any time impair his efficiency he will be rejected.

During the months of July and August the cadets are engaged in military duties and exercise, living in camp. The Academic exercises commence the beginning of September. The semi-annual examination takes place in January, when the cadets are rigidly examined in their studies, and the new cadets, if found proficient, will receive the warrant of cadet, and take such a station in their class as their respective merits entitle them to. If unable to master the course they will be pronounced deficient by the Academic Board, and their connection with the Academy will cease. In June is the "Annual Examination," when those cadets who are not likely to succeed in future are discharged. The pay of a cadet is $41 66 per month, with one ration per day, and is considered sufficient, with proper economy, for his support.

A Boston paper asserts that a New York Judge has decided that a boarding-house keeper has a right to box the ears of his guests when they complain of the manner in which their food is placed before them.

A certain lady living in Kansas goes on the principle of teaching her children by example. Recently she took her young daughter to the dentist to have a tooth extracted; but all the persuasion could not induce the little one to submit to the operation. As a last resort the mother placed herself in the dental chair, and, pointing to a perfectly sound tooth, told the doctor to draw it. He did so, and upon observing that it was sound, she replied that she aimed to give her daughter an example of fortitude. Whether the child followed the example readily is not stated.

A ludicrous occurrence took place on a recent Sunday in a Roman Catholic church in Buffalo. A melodeon is used to accompany the choir, and a young lady is the performer on it. Just as she had begun to play upon the instrument, a loud squeal, like that of a cat, greeted the ears of the whole congregation. Nothing daunted, the young lady continued her performance, and every time she used the pedal the squeal would startle the player, the priest, and the congregation. During an interval in the music the instrument was examined, and lo and behold! a good-sized pet cat, belonging to the Reverend Father then officiating, was found inside of the melodeon, just where the pedal, when used, would squeeze her. Efforts were made to remove the cat, but before it could be done it was time to commence the music again. The young lady was determined to play in spite of the animal's squeals, and play she did, among a general titter in the congregation. The ceremonies over, the creature was removed from her perilous quarters, and retired a wiser, if not a better cat.

The French Government employs five thousand men and women to sweep the streets and crossings of Paris—all Germans. Their pay is from thirty to fifty cents a day, and a very few of them get sixty cents. They are said to be a very frugal people; and out of these small earnings many of them save money enough to return home and buy farms.

Refrigerators are now lined with slate, which is considered a great improvement upon the zinc lining, which is liable to corrosion, and to the danger of imparting a disagreeable, if not poisonous taste to food coming in contact with it. Slate is a clean and economical substitute for metal, and is coming into universal use. It is cleaned with little or no trouble, and is always cool and sweet.

A Chicago paper remarks that "it may not as yet be known to the numerous citizens of Chicago, who have the misfortune to be without wives, and hence without the usual means of information not furnished by the press, that, not to be outdone by their sister metropolis at the East, the energetic ladies of Chicago are about forming unto themselves a 'Sorosis,' or Ladies Club, from which all 'horrid male critters' are rigidly excluded, the Sorosisses declaring themselves fully able to run the concern without the aid of the massive brains of the 'Gods of creation.'"

A most remarkable case of somnambulism occurred a short time ago in Toronto. A horse-fancier, having made an excellent purchase, went home with his new possession, and in the evening entertained his family with the details of the operation. He retired to bed as usual; but in the middle of the night he rose in his sleep, took his new horse from the stable, and started on a good round pace through the city. His singular appearance and actions attracted the attention of a policeman, who, thinking some insane circus-rider had broken loose, or that John Gilpin's spirit had returned to earth, took him into custody, and with great fear and trembling conducted him to one of the station-houses. Shortly afterward the gentleman was thoroughly aroused, and great was his astonishment at finding himself in such a singular predicament. During all his riding he had been in a somnambulist state, and it required a great deal of argument on the part of the policeman to convince him that he had been engaged in such unseasonable and peculiar exercise.

There are a great many who offer their prayers in the same spirit as did the little boy who, after giving every body a good-night kiss, kneeled at his mother's side to say his evening prayer. He repeated, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., and continued, "God bless papa and mamma, and make them good Christians; God bless little Jimmie, and make him a good boy." His mamma added, "God bless every body." At this last sentence he was silent. His mother repeated it a second and a third time, when he raised his head and said, "Every body but Bob, mamma. Bob drowned my cat to-day."

A French paper which classifies all its news, announces, under the head of "Police Intelligence," that President Johnson has been acquitted.

This is the age of inventions, as has often been remarked. A Chicago genius has invented an apparatus by means of which a person lying in bed can light a fire in the morning by simply turning a key.

One prodigious variety of the new fashion of "panniers" which is prevailing in Paris is described as two steel baskets, one for each hip, exactly like the wicker receptacles in which butlers carry old port up to the table. Between these baskets bulge out a hump far behind, serving as a foundation for various contrivances and puffs of silk, which make up the condition of full feminine attire.

It is stated that nearly $50,000 worth of gold is consumed every year in the decoration of china-ware in England, principally at the Staffordshire potteries. The total amount used in gilding generally, in England and France, is estimated at $800,000 per annum. The trades in England using standard gold go regularly to the Mint and purchase the clipped sovereigns by weight. In this way the Government saves the expense of recoinage of the light pieces, and satisfies a legitimate demand of the industrial arts.

It is said that the Russians are absolutely incapable of understanding or appreciating a joke. The following anecdote may help establish the assertion. An Englishman was relating to a Russian friend that he had once seen on a country road a post with this inscription: "This road leads to the town; all persons who can not read this may apply to the blacksmith." To the great anguish of the narrator, his friend remained perfectly composed, and thanked him for his story with a studied politeness which showed that he had not understood it in the least. But the next morning the Russian burst into his room in convulsions of laughter, exclaiming, "My friend, I do understand it now! Fool that I was not to think of it! As if the blacksmith might not be away from home!"

Official investigation shows that immense harm is done to the ignorant poor by a low class of market-men and grocers, who offer for sale, at a cheap rate, spoiled and dangerous meats, decayed and sour fruits and vegetables, and unwholesomely adulterated articles of food. This evil always exists to a certain extent in a large city; but at this season of the year it increases, and during the hot weather is the cause of an immense deal of sickness.

"WOULD YOU MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER TO A NIGGER?"

Rev. Dr. Chase (*to the Bride*). "Do you promise to love, honor, and obey—?"

The Bride. "*Don't I?*"

FIRE-WORKS ON THE NIGHT OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 446.]

THE "FOURTH" IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

IN delightful contrast are the engravings which we give on pages 445 and 448, illustrating the celebration of the Fourth of July in the town and in the country—in the North and in the South. There is certainly a contrast in the manner of celebrating the day in the city and in the rural districts; one entails all manner of misery, the other is not wholly devoid of pleasantness; the one necessitates much aggravation of spirits and much perspiration, and provokes not a little profanity; the other does leave one a little room and some quiet. There is, too, an equally noticeable contrast in the drawing in the two pictures, the styles of Messrs. HOMER and WORTH being totally different, but each admirable in its way.

SILENCED AT LAST.—Heretofore our entrance to the magnificent salesroom of WHEELER & WILSON has been greeted by the musical click of their sewing machines, intermingled with the song of birds and the hum of pleasant voices. Alas, the change! The wheels now glide as swiftly, and the silver arms still weave the silken threads into pearly stitches, but silent as a dream or an angel whisper. An *improvement* has hushed that silvery tongue. No longer will it time the mother's song as she sings her babe to sleep, or the maiden's, as she stitches robes for herself and loved ones. Silent as the heart-beat, or the ebb and flow of life-currents, the wheels and arms glide and glitter, leaving its pretty mistress to make all the noise.—[*The Mail.*]

THE LAST DAYS of Ex-President MARTIN VAN BUREN were made comfortable by the use of JONAS WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY. Letters in our possession from his physician, and from Mr. VAN BUREN himself, express much gratification with the results of its use.

FOR Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan on the Face, use PERRY'S "MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." Sold every where. Depot 49 Bond Street, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

$15 GET THE BEST. $15

OROIDE GOLD WATCH CO.,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
78 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Oroide is a new composition resembling Gold, retains its color and brilliancy. The OROIDE GOLD WATCHES are in hunting cases (Ladies' and Gentlemen's), manufactured at our factory in Switzerland, from the best materials, of the most approved styles, jeweled, and beautifully finished; are guaranteed reliable TIME-KEEPERS. As to appearance, durability, etc., have never been surpassed, very seldom equaled, by watches of the most rare and costly description. Warranted one year. Price $15, payable to Express on receipt of the Watch. We have concluded to retail our celebrated Watches. Unprincipled persons are endeavoring to replenish their depleted purses by counterfeiting and substituting a spurious for the genuine Oroide Gold Watch.

EYE-GLASSES and SPECTACLES,

to improve the sight of old and young, without the distressing effect of frequent changes.

Binocular Glasses, combining extraordinary power, portability, and wide field of observation—for Sportsmen, Tourists, and Opera. Catalogues sent free by enclosing stamp. Inventor, SEMMONS, Optician, 669½ Broadway, New York

ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE

Novelty Iron Works,

Nos. 77 and 83 Liberty Street,
Cor. Broadway, New York.

Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

A Warning to Counterfeiters, and a Caution to Purchasers.

No expense will be spared, no legal means of punishing fraud will be neglected, in the effort to prevent the counterfeiting of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. But scoundrelism, when its cunning and activity are stimulated by the hope of gain, is very ingenious and industrious. The men whose despicable business it is to simulate valuable proprietary medicines, and who substitute therefor dangerous or worthless preparations, are proverbially difficult to catch. Most of them have many aliases, and they flit from state to state with surprising agility, in the hope of evading the clutches of the law. The proprietors of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are determined, if possible, to *hunt them down.* Travelling agents are employed for this purpose, and whenever an offender is detected he is prosecuted with *the utmost rigor of the law.*

No amount of vigilance, however, can prevent the occasional introduction of imitations and counterfeits. The public are therefore CAUTIONED not to purchase any article purporting to be HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS which is not authenticated by the handsome government stamp specially engraved for the proprietors, and also by their superb new label with a beautiful vignette, representing the conflict between St. George and the Dragon, at the top, and a miniature note of hand, signed Hostetter & Smith, at the foot.

N. B.—The genuine BITTERS are sold in BOTTLES ONLY. All persons who pretend to sell the article by the gallon or barrel are impostors, and the stuff they offer is a worthless and probably poisonous counterfeit.

FRECKLES, PIMPLES, TAN,
MOTH-BLOTCHES, SUNBURN,
and all eruptions of the SKIN effectually removed by
PHALON'S "PAPHIAN LOTION."
Renders the SKIN and COMPLEXION
SOFT, FAIR, and BLOOMING.

This is the only harmless and reliable remedy for diseases of the skin, and has been established 25 years.

For *ladies* in the *nursery* it is of great importance.
For *gentlemen* after *shaving* it allays the smarting pain and makes the face delightfully cool and pleasant.

PHALON'S "PAPHIAN SOAP"
for the *toilet*, *nursery*, and *bath*, delightfully perfumed, 25 cents per cake. Sold every where.

"FLOR DE MAYO"
A NEW PERFUME FOR
THE HANDKERCHIEF
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

S. T.—1860.—X.

ANCIENT FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

Respecting the relics of porcelain-ware found in the late exhumations at Herculaneum, which have been forwarded to the Society of Antiquities in London, whereof your correspondent says the bottle resembling Drake's Plantation Bitters was undoubtedly placed among the ruins by the agent of Dr. Drake, we desire to state he is incorrect in every respect. If a bottle was found there bearing our lettering, the language of the Ancient Romans was different from the accepted literature of that day. Our Agent has other business than this in Europe, and has not been in Italy at all. No doubt Americans carry Plantation Bitters to Rome; but trying to impose upon a society of Antiquarians in this way seems quite useless, and we do not appreciate the joke. It is unnecessary for us to spend money in Europe while we are unable to supply the demand for these celebrated Bitters here.

Respectfully,
P. H. DRAKE & CO.

THE GRAND DUCHESS OF GEROLSTEIN, Martha, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Crispino e la Comare, Der Freischütz, Un Ballo in Maschera, La Somnambula. Each opera arranged for the piano-forte, solo complete, with overture, and the whole of the music; price 50 cents. All the above in BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET, the cheapest collection of modern music in the world; Sixty books, 50 cents each. Catalogues of BOOSEY'S cheap musical publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

Prices from $3 to $10 per 100. We will send to any address, postpaid, *One Sample*, 25c., *Three Samples*, 50c., with Price-List.

All moneys sent by Post-Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all money sent.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Our stock for the present season is of unparalleled extent and variety in both MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING. Persons at a distance can obtain perfect-fitting garments from us, with certainty and dispatch, by the aid of OUR NEW RULES OF SELF-MEASUREMENT. Rules and Price-List sent by mail on application. FREEMAN & BURR, Clothing Warehouse, 124 Fulton St., and 90 Nassau St., N. Y.

SPALDING'S PREPARED
GLUE

Mends Toys, Crockery, Wooden-ware, &c., &c.
Useful in every house. Bottle with Brush, 25 cents.

Imitation Ivory Goods.

Great Improvements made: 3 New Patents received.
MARTINGALE RINGS, $18 and $20 single gross.
SHEET BUTTONS, red, white, blue, $4 per gross.
BILLIARD BALLS, $9 and $10 per set.
CHECKS, $8, $10, and $12 per 100.
Also a great variety of Ivory, Pearl, and Gilt Sleeve Buttons, $18 to $150 per gross pair.
WM. M. WELLING, 571 Broadway, New York.

An Easy Way of Procuring

what you want. HORACE WATERS & Co, 481 Broadway, will dispose of new and second-hand Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of five first-class makers, and take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid. Fifty new and second-hand instruments for rent, and rent applied if purchased, or for sale at bargains for cash.

"BEAUTIFUL WOMEN." National types: English, French, German, Austrian, Turkish, Russian, Grecian, Swiss, Polish, Chinese, Swedish, Dutch, Japanese, etc., with portraits, in July No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 30 cts., or $3 a year; clubs of 10, six months "*on trial*" for $10. S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N.Y.

At the Explosion

In the Bowery,
On the evening of the 18th,
Those fearful scenes,
The mangled bodies,
The scalded, quivering victims,
Pleading for help, relief—
Some begging to die,
To escape the dreadful agony—
Brought to my mind forcibly
My own condition
A few months ago.
I was at work in a brewery,
A tub of boiling liquid
Above my head;
I was in the act of removing it
When it partially upset,
And the large sleeve
About my right arm
Was filled with the hot juice.
I called for help;
It took a full minute
Before assistance came.
I had to hold the tub,
or have my whole body scalded if I relaxed my grasp. But that minute seemed an hour. I supposed my arm was ruined for life. The fearful agony I suffered no mortal tongue can describe.

My physician who was called in ordered a pint bottle of WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. My whole arm, although cooked, was sopped and kept constantly wet with Paint for two hours. I was relieved of all my pain in less than 20 minutes. The circulation continued perfect. Not even a blister. It seemed a miracle. The evaporating quality of the Pain Paint kept the whole limb perfectly cool, and the very next day I resumed my business as usual. The only difficulty experienced after the first day was in my wrist, where a piece of skin slipped off in removing my clothing. Knowing that the late disaster on the Bowery has produced at least a score of mangled or scalded limbs and bodies, I would most earnestly recommend Wolcott's Pain Paint as the most cooling, most efficient remedy that can be used. I know it will give relief at the very first application; and continuing its use freely, by keeping the wounds constantly wet, heal and cure those who would otherwise die or be cripples for life.

ONE WHO KNOWS THE VALUE OF PAIN PAINT.

NEW SONGS.

KITTY MCGEE. By Henry Tucker . . . . . . 35c.
LIVE IN MY HEART AND PAY NO RENT . . . . 30c.
THE EYE THAT BRIGHTENS WHEN I COME. . . . 30c.
PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM . . . . . 30c.
Arranged for flute or violin, 15c. each. Music mailed.
FREDERICK BLUME, 1125 BROADWAY, 2d door above 25th St. Branch, 208 Bowery.

The Spirit of the Times.

OFFICE OF WILKES' SPIRIT,
NEW YORK, June 30, 1868.

WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES will this week resume its original title, and appear as "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES." Its publication was originally made under this title, nearly fifty years ago, and it ran under this title for about thirty years, acquiring a standard position and great prosperity. Its title was then changed to PORTER'S SPIRIT, in compliment to the able man who had been its founder. At the death of Mr. Porter, in 1858, its name was changed to WILKES' SPIRIT; and now, after ten years of unexampled prosperity, it returns to its original title, thus uniting the merit and authority of all its forms of being, and representing the sole and only recognized sporting authority of the Western hemisphere. It is but proper to add, that its present editor and the incomparable corps of writers who are now connected with it, some of whom have been attached to it for years, will remain, as heretofore, associated with its fortunes.

GEORGE WILKES, Editor and Proprietor of
THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

P. S.—THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is a high-toned gentleman's weekly newspaper, devoted to Hunting, Racing, Out-door Sports, Literature, and the Stage. Among its other features, it employs a distinguished Veterinary Professor, who answers all questions through its columns in regard to sick or injured horses or cattle, and sends prescriptions FREE! No horse-owner or veterinary student should be without THE SPIRIT. Subscription, $5 00. Single copies to be had at all the news stands.

CAMPAIGN BADGES, Medals, Pins, Flags, and every thing in the campaign line, for Clubs and Agents. Send to Headquarters. B. W. HITCHCOCK, 98 Spring St., New York (under St. Nicholas Hotel).

WATCHES, and ROSKOPF'S PATENTED PEOPLE'S WATCH, cased in Swedish silver. The Improved Aluminium Bronze is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition. The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers. Price, from $16 to $22.

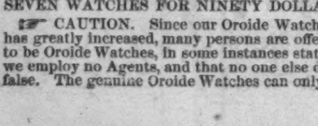
Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent postpaid on demand.

A full assortment of Chains, also Aluminium Bronze Cases for Waltham Watches. Goods sent by express, C.O.D., with charges.

Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN,
No. 44 Nassau Street, New York.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.



OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

☞ TO CLUBS.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE
GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR TEAS BY THE CARGO FROM
THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF
CHINA AND JAPAN,
and sell them in quantities to suit customers
AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.
GREEN (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

N.B.—Inhabitants of villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third (besides the Express charges) by sending directly to

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are BOGUS OR IMITATIONS.

We have no branches, and do not in any case authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE Orders and Drafts make payable to the Order of

"THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY."

Direct Letters and Orders as below (no more, no less):

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

FALL RIVER AND NEWPORT LINE
BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Steamboats NEWPORT and OLD COLONY alternate daily (Sundays excepted), leaving New York from Pier 28, N. R., at 5 P.M. Leave Newport, on OLD COLONY AND NEWPORT RAILWAY, at 4 A.M. (due in Boston 6.10, in time for Eastern and Northern connections); or breakfast on board at 7 A.M., leave at 7.45 A.M., and arrive in Boston *at early business hours.* Returning Trains leave OLD COLONY AND NEWPORT RAILWAY DEPOT, corner of Kneeland and South Streets, at 4.30 and 5.30 P.M. *This is the only direct route for Newport, Fall River, Taunton, New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard, Middleboro', the Bridgewaters, Plymouth, and all towns on Cape Cod and Nantucket. Fares always as low as on any other line.* For particulars inquire of the agents,

E. LITTLEFIELD, 72 Broadway, New York,
W. H. BULLOCK, Supt. O. C. & N. R. R., Boston.
NEW YORK, July 4, 1868.

"TRY IT." A $3 Magazine, in clubs of 10, sent half a year, "*on trial,*" for $10, or only $1 each! THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. New Vol.—48th—begins with July No. S. R. WELLS, 389 B'dway, N.Y.

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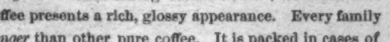

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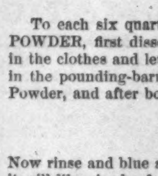

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